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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Angels of the R.A.F.

See article and pictures, pages 4 and 5

The Front Page

POLITICS is a peculiar and at times somewhat cynical business. There were by-elections on Monday in four federal constituencies hitherto held by English-speaking supporters of the King Government. They returned one French-speaking advocate of a great reduction in Canada's war effort, one Communist, and two Socialists. The Communist belongs to a party which violently opposed Canada's participation in the war for two years, the Socialists to a party which opposed Canada's preparation for war and her sending of troops outside of the country. Yet these victories were hailed, by politicians and political newspapers professing to favor a more energetic prosecution of the war, as a notable triumph for that cause!

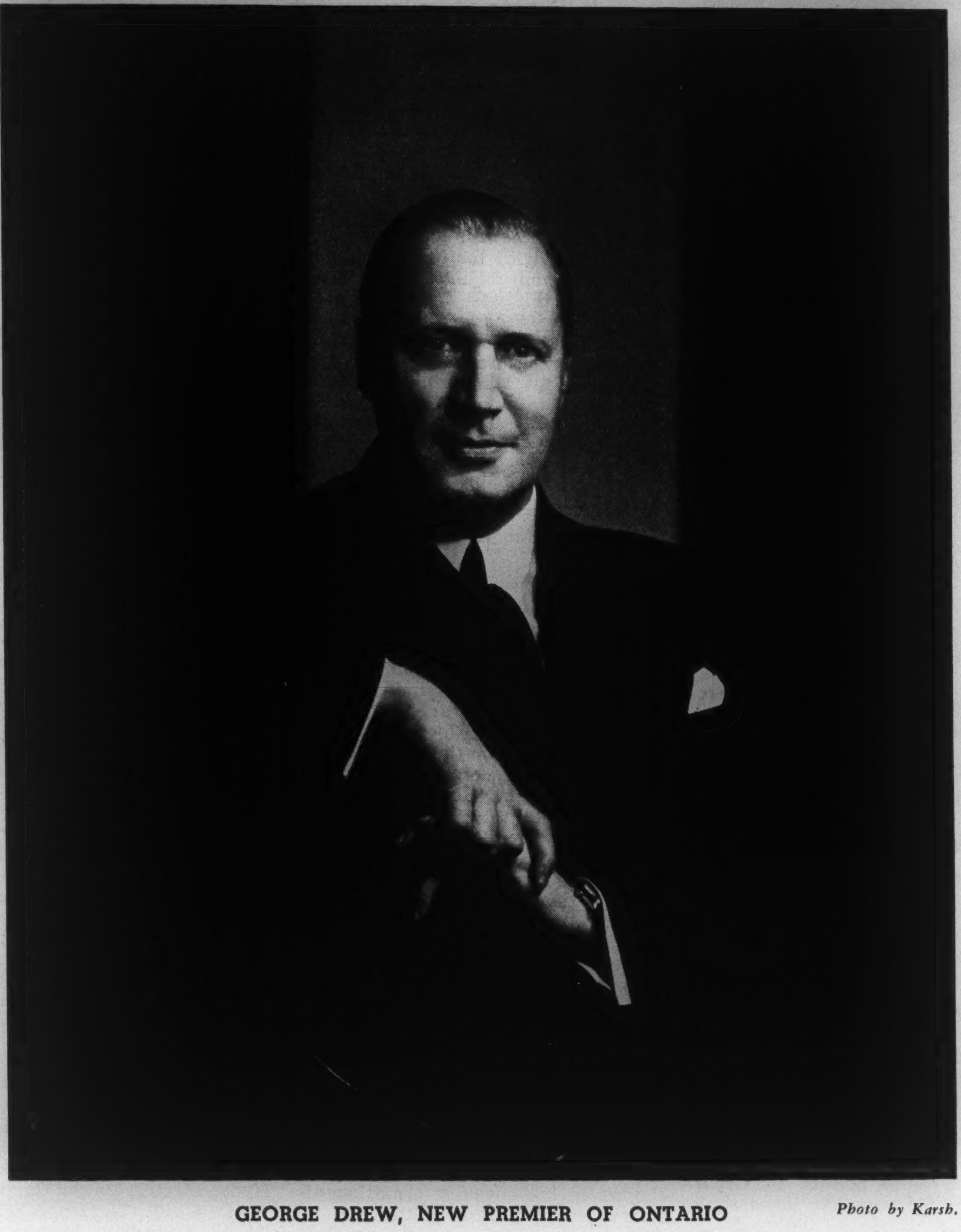
The party which claims a monopoly of sincerity in advocating a more energetic prosecution of the war, the Progressive Conservative party, did not even run a single candidate in the four constituencies, from which it seems a logical conclusion that it had no hope of electing anybody who might want to prosecute the war more vigorously than the existing Government. It would be interesting, but it is naturally very difficult, to know for whom its members actually voted. Its leaders gave them no advice.

Yet we do not believe for a moment that, with the exception of Stanstead, the electors of these constituencies, or of Canada in general, are actually tired of the war or desire to see its prosecution slackened. They are merely short-memoried. (Both the Communists and the Socialists now claim to be the most ardent advocates of an all-out effort.) They are also tired of being pushed around by the various forms of regimentation which are quite unavoidable in a major war, and a bit bewildered as to the reasons why the pushing-around is necessary, which is not surprising in view of the fact that much of it is half-hearted and inefficient and does not push people into the places where they are really needed and would be able to see that they are needed. Moreover there is a widespread feeling that the war is practically finished, and that the next thing to worry about is to make sure that the "interests" do not dig themselves in too deep in the reconstruction period. This does not mean that any large number of Canadian electors want to destroy private enterprise, but it does mean that they think Socialist and Communist candidates are good people to vote for at the moment. The farmers of Manitoba and Saskatchewan had nobody else to vote for anyhow if they wanted to vote against the Government; the Conservatives gave them no candidates, and the Social Crediters are evidently washed out.

Taxing Annuities

SINCE the appearance of last week's "Editor's Chair" article on the application of income tax to annuities the Exchequer Court has done what it can to prevent the extension of this unjust principle in one direction at least. It has ruled that legacies payable in periodical instalments out of the capital fund of an estate or trust are not income "where the maximum amount which the legatee is to receive out of such capital is specified." The exact meaning of this limitation is obscure; since the maximum *total* amount is usually dependent upon the length of the legatee's life it is very seldom if ever specified, and the phrase probably means the maximum *annual* amount, in which case any annuity paid direct out of the capital fund of an estate or trust is exempt from tax, though an annuity dependent upon the *income* of such a fund remains taxable.

It has been suggested to us that the purpose of this tax is to discourage the tendency to consume capital during the lifetime of the owner rather than save it until his death, and thereby to keep in the national savings fund certain portions of wealth which would otherwise be used up. The pressure of taxation on both large incomes and large bequests is undoubtedly leading to much consumption of this kind, and the annuity, by ensuring the even spread of the capital over the whole lifetime of the annuitant, makes the process much easier. The Government's purpose is comprehensible and legitimate, but the method is open to grave objection.



GEORGE DREW, NEW PREMIER OF ONTARIO *Photo by Karsh.*

Ontario Cabinet

THE fairies were good to George Drew at his birth, and they have not done badly by him since. They gave him excellent family connections—which he has since extended by a most suitable marriage. They have given him education, culture, the training of an officer and a gentleman; they have given him a most impressive physique and an admirable voice and a fine command of language; they have given him also the desire to serve his country in a position of high political responsibility. Unfortunately education, culture, good family and gentlemanly qualities are not exactly a passport to political advancement in this country as they are in more mature nations; and Mr. Drew has had to put up a long hard struggle to get where he now is. In the course of that struggle, it is alleged, he has exhibited a certain amount of egotism. It is not alleged that he has ever exhibited unfairness or used unsportsmanlike methods.

To the charge of egotism we do not attach much importance. It is impossible to get very far while still a young man, in almost any walk of life, without a certain amount of egotism. All politicians who get anywhere are charged with it while getting there, and the charge is forgotten when they have arrived. It is unjustified egotism, the combination of egotism and littleness, that kills politicians. The man who is afraid to have big men around him because he fears that they may overshadow himself is doomed to failure, not because he is egotistic, but because he has not the qualities to be egotistic about. Mr. Drew is now at the testing-point of his career. If he can gather around him, and hold around him, a group of the kind of men whom the Progressive Conservative party can provide and has a right to expect in its cabinet offices, he will be a success. He is very little fettered as to choice. Two able ex-ministers have obvious claims, but beyond that he should be free.

As we write he has given no indications of his selections. We hope that for the portfolio of Health he will choose a medical man of progressive views, and for the portfolio of Labor a labor man of similar quality. The C.I.O. having joined the CCF party, he will presumably have to appoint a man from the A.F. of L. The portfolio of Education will cause difficulty, because the Deputy Minister is beyond the retiring age, and we do not see anything resembling an educational expert in the Conservative ranks in the Legislature; and the Department is crammed with problems which the late Dr. McArthur had by no means finished solving. The governing of the province of Ontario is no job for little men in almost any branch of its activity; but there is material available for a cabinet of really big men, and we hope to see Mr. Drew form one.

The idea that Mr. Hepburn will be of any great assistance to Mr. Drew in the business of conducting the government of Ontario strikes us as entirely illusory. Mr. Hepburn is very good at running things himself, but not a bit interested in helping somebody else to run things. We doubt if he will even be greatly interested in helping Mr. Drew to obstruct Mr. King. It was one thing to be a great Liberal chieftain opposing the federal Liberal policies; it will be quite another thing to be merely the follower of a Conservative chieftain doing so.

Sport Columnist

ON PAGE 9 of this issue appears what will evidently be the last contribution of Lieutenant Kimball McIlroy to these columns for some little time to come. Our greatly valued sports columnist has departed for scenes of action more serious than those of the hockey arenas and the football stadia. His style of writing and his attitude of mind have been so perfectly suited to SATURDAY NIGHT that we earnestly hope that his return will not be long delayed. In the meanwhile we congratulate him on breaking into the American magazine field with a distinguished piece of writing of an even more imaginative character than his speculations in these columns. In the September issue of *Esquire* appears his story, "Joe, The Great McWhiff," which concerns a gorilla of that name who was the best and smartest pitcher the team ever had—but complications arose when the Sox claimed they didn't have to play against gorillas.

The Results

THE Conservative showing in the Ontario elections is just about what was generally expected. The CCF showing is much higher and the Liberal showing much lower. The CCF fulfilled expectations in failing to gain any territory in the strictly rural sections, but did much better than was expected in a dozen semi-rural semi-industrial constituencies which the experts were assigning to the Conserva-

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ARNOLD DAVIDSON DUNTON *Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

The Montrealer in W.I.B.

BY COROLYN COX

ARNOLD DAVIDSON DUNTON is evidently able to swim. In a quiet, offhand little announcement the other day it was revealed that he now holds the post of Assistant General Manager of Wartime Information Board. The Board's Chief, John Grierson, carries on the Mission to which Fate has driven him like a somewhat terrifying comet coursing along its inevitable ellipse. Those who work, let us say in his solar system, rather than under him, seldom have their jobs defined.

Grierson, coming down to earth, pushes his co-workers off the end of the dock, and if they can't swim, that is that. If they do swim, eventually he gives a name to the stroke. Dunton swam.

At thirty-one, Davy Dunton has covered a lot of territory, physically, culturally, and professionally. He was born in Montreal, son of a notary, who died in 1914. Davy went to Lower Canada College, then took the rare line which English-speaking residents in Quebec, were they anything but the stubborn folk they are, would often follow. As it is, they almost never do. He went over to the University of Grenoble in France, in order to understand the language and culture of the race with whom his people shared existence in the Province of Quebec. Judging by the affection and respect with which many French-speaking Canadians regard this young man today, one suspects that if more young English-speaking residents of Quebec followed his course they would so charm and lure the Canadiens as to provide the first real threat to the Province since Wolfe met Montcalm!

Look In On Geneva

Dunton had a thoroughly good time at Grenoble, enjoyed the continental freedom of its undergraduate existence, inspected Europe in vacations, looked in on Geneva. After one year he went home to Montreal and entered McGill University. Two years of that got him round to travelling again, and he went over to Trinity College, Cambridge, took a year there in economics.

Before setting out for England, Dunton had lost his pin feathers in the newspaper game. He worked as cub reporter for one summer under the aegis of tough old Alec Dewar, City Editor of the *Star* in Montreal, then owned by Lord Atholstan. So to keep the pot boiling in Great Britain, he did vacation turns with the London Express, assigned to secondary stories, but jobs that took him all over England and gave him a first hand knowledge of the inhabitants he would never have acquired at Trinity College.

Found Nazis Nasty

It seemed a pity not to shine up his German, too, while he was about education. In 1932-33 Dunton switched over to Munich University in the Reich, watched six months of the still born Weimar Republic and the beginning of the Nazi revolution. Chief value of this experience was that he discovered for himself what people on this side afterward found it difficult to believe—that the Nazis were a tough and nasty crowd, that they were telling the German people what those people wished to hear, that they had the support of the country as a whole, and were installed for a long reign.

Dunton went to four universities and never took a degree from any one. He has found the breadth of his education far outweighed the value of letters to write after his name. It is no doubt responsible for his succeeding to the post he holds in Ottawa today.

Back in Montreal with the depression under full steam, Davy looked in vain for a job. During that period he added to the list of jobs at which he had tried his hand until it included surveys on the C.P.R., Morgan's Ad department and book salesman, working in a chartered accountant's office and even playing the role of "Your Fuller Brush Man". Then for the year 1934-35 he achieved a dream job for a young man just out of college. He went to Mexico City to prepare for college entrance exams a lad both taller and almost older-looking than himself, son of a former manager of the Bank of Montreal in the Mexican Capital. It was a grand year, Mexico City an ideal place to live, and he picked up his fourth language, Spanish.

When he returned again to Montreal, it was to settle down as a newspaper man. He went back to the *Star* as a reporter, in a few years became an associate editor, wrote editorials under the inspiring guidance of A. R. Carman whom he considers one of the finest editorial writers Canada has produced.

It was in 1938 that J. W. McConnell acquired the *Star* and its then somewhat anaemic weekly, the *Standard.* Mr. McConnell made his son, John, President of the *Standard.* Davy Dunton at 26 became its editor. Its circulation was fast expiring, times were bad, and the boys had a tough job on their hands. They acquitted themselves with distinction, doubled the circulation in four years. Davy maintains this was accomplished by making the *Standard* an all round good paper, aiming to be both entertaining and accurate. Certainly they pioneered in Canada in the matter of camera stories, and the social castigation of the City of Montreal by means of accusing photography marked up a "first" in Canada.

With the Royal Tour

McConnell and Dunton went to town on the Royal Tour, put out photographic sections that made a national reputation. They were in top form by the time war broke out in the fall, followed in their picture section the armed forces on land, sea and in the air, the war industries all over Canada. The *Standard,* carrying out an order of John McConnell, led a campaign for the Queen's Canadian Fund that soon saw fat cheques for the rebuilding of blitzed London going to Britain.

In the Spring of 1941 Dunton flew to Britain in the first four-engine bomber to cross the Atlantic, and wrote a series of articles for his paper.

When Charley Vining came to Ottawa as first Director of Wartime Information Board, he felt that it was the patriotic duty of some Canadian editors to leave their sheets, no matter whether it was convenient or not, and do their war service in a field which only they had the experience and prestige to handle. The general public has not always understood just what this drafting of newspapermen meant. In no country in the world have war information officers escaped drawing the fire of often extremely unfair criticism from every point of the compass. Even if you hesitate to lambast your country's armed forces or war effort, it never seems unpatriotic to shy a few missiles at "those propaganda artists". The individuals who have come to Ottawa on this service have derived either pleasure, prestige or financial advantage from the deal. Nearly everybody involved has achieved headaches so severe that only reflection upon the efforts of "the boys" in the Desert, at Hong Kong and in the invasions makes sticking with WIB bearable.

A Contact Maker

Dunton's career in this service had a long, silent incubation. He was contributed to the cause by the *Standard,* which still pays his salary. He was put in charge of the Reports branch, where he was little in the public eye. Just what all goes on in a Reports branch of a war information service it is useless to ask, but it might perhaps be best described as a general intelligence office.

It isn't hard to guess what capacities commended Davy Dunton to his imaginative chief. Young, energetic, politically unbiased and a successful editor, for good measure he both understands and likes the French race in Canada and speaks fluently French, German and Spanish. Today when Canada has become the cross-roads of the world his qualifications are of great value to the country. Dunton has impressed his fellow members of the WIB organization as an able executive and exceptional contact maker with government departments and boards, as well as with politicians and the public. He is no comet. His well ordered planetary system seems able to support the elliptical visits of a comet Grierson without attendant explosion.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Engineer Administrators

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ENGINEERS, as well as other readers of your paper, must have been startled by the statement contained in an article by Corolyn Cox, that "Not often is a topflight engineer a good administrator."

The author of this article must be pretty well out of touch with administrators, because anyone with even a reading acquaintanceship with the heads of industry today would realize that there are more administrators in the engineering profession than in any other single professional or business group. My object in drawing your attention to it is that I believe, in justice to the engineer, you should examine the Cox statement, and if you find it to be incorrect, do something about it.

For instance, does Corolyn Cox realize that the administrative heads of the Canadian army are practically all engineers? Let's start with Lieut.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, chief of the First Canadian Army; then we have Lieut.-Gen. K. Stuart, Chief of General Staff; Lieut.-Gen. H. F. G. Letson, Adjutant General, and Major General J. P. MacKenzie, Quartermaster General.

Imagine the surprise of the following companies and businesses to find out that engineers are not good administrators: — the Royal Bank of Canada, of which Sir Herbert Holt was for so many years the chief administrator; the Banque Canadienne Nationale, where Beaudry Leman is now president; the Northern Electric Company, with its president, Paul Sise; Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co., where S. G. Blaylock is president; Research Enterprises, (Col. W. E. Phillips, president); Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., (W. D. Black, president); Bathurst Power & Paper Co., (R. L. Weldon, president); Consolidated Paper Co., (L. J. Belnap, president); Shawinigan Water & Power Co., (for years administered by the late Julian C. Smith); Montreal Light, Heat & Power Cons., (R. C. A. Henry, vice-president); the National Research Council, (C. J. Mackenzie, acting president): the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, (T. H. Hogg, chairman); Anglo Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, (E. M. Little, general manager, and ex-director of National Selective Service).

In the United States, we think immediately of such engineers as Donald Nelson, W. L. Batt, Herbert Hoover, and so on. The lists would be inexhaustible if we had time to really go into it, but those few names should refute the insinuations of your contributor.

Outside of the political field, engineers will continue to be the chief administrators in most countries of the world. Industrial development is dependent upon them, and it is natural that, in the future, more and more enterprises will be managed by them, as opportunities are developed.

L. AUSTIN WRIGHT,
General Secretary, Engineering
Institute of Canada.

("Outside of the political field" is an important reservation; Mrs. Cox was talking about the political field. The term "administrators" in her statement, when applied without that reservation, is obviously much too wide. But nobody, we suggest, would maintain that Herbert Hoover was a good administrator of the political powers of the presidency of the United States.—Ed.)

Reforestation

Editor, Saturday Night:

MR. J. C. MACLEAR in a recent letter to your columns suggests that many Britishers are critical of the methods adopted by their forestry commission, and himself takes exception to the manner of planting. This criticism is quite natural and no doubt would be apparent in Ontario if a re-forestation program was started on a large scale, since very few understand the problems to be overcome in starting large plantations.

The writer has only dabbled in forestry in an amateur way, but after one has seen his first few year's plantings fade out, he begins to study trees and soils and then finds forestry men, as a whole, are pretty shrewd fellows, and know what they are about.

There are logical answers to Mr. Maclear's criticism, which may readily be seen even at this distance. For instance objection is taken to planting all firs (one or more of the conifers). No doubt these are planted on sand lands which are useless for agriculture, therefore not suitable for hardwoods. It is unthinkable that Britain, as short of food as she is, would at this stage plant out any forests except on very poor soils. Even were the soil good, hardwoods need three or four years cultivation, and I doubt if help can be spared for this type of work at present.

He also criticises the straight rows of trees. Unfortunately since 1914 Britain has sacrificed too much timber, and her crying need is to grow a new crop of good cutting logs as quickly as possible. This can be done in forty or fifty years by planting Scotch or Norway pine in symmetrical rows. For good straight timber, trees must be planted close, and whether the rows be straight or crooked, some mathematical type of spacing must be employed and beauty sacrificed to utility. I am not willing to admit that symmetrical rows of trees are necessarily un-beautiful.

It would indeed be a happy circumstance if Britain could grow five million acres of trees, so grouped that they would landscape the countryside, and produce fine timber in short order at the same time, but I think this is a tall order for any forestry commission.

Toronto, Ont. C. L. TUCKER.

BEDTIME STORY

HE RODE the sea from Halifax
The frowning sea off Halifax
To a laughing sea, enamelled blue,
A bright, bejewelled main
Beyond the jut of Spain,
And went ashore where Tunis lies,
An endless story in her eyes.
Yes, child, I tell you true.

The man who bore away my heart,
Your father—yes, my very heart,
With endless love aglow—
Rode once again the jewelled sea
To sparkling, sun-drenched Sicily,
Where foes are fierce and mountains
wild.
O pray for him, my speechless child,
And tell Our Lady so.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

tives. This loss was made up to the Conservatives by the inability of the Liberals to hold a dozen rural seats in which they were thought to have chances.

We see no reason to complain of the resultant situation. Mr. Drew will have no difficulty in carrying on the Government for several years, with the aid of the small Liberal contingent, which will stand for anything that he does within reason rather than force another election in which the CCF would be almost certain to better its showing. There is no question of Mr. Drew's right to dissolve the Legislature whenever he finds himself without Liberal support, because there is no prospect of an alternative Government; the CCF has made it quite clear that it will not join with any other party to carry on the affairs of the province. About the only thing Mr. Drew will not be permitted to do is make a clean sweep of the Liberal office-holders; he could hardly expect the loyal support of the Liberal delegation if he did, and he has already made a virtue of necessity by proclaiming that he does not intend to. In the business—natural and proper for a Conservative premier—of annoying the Dominion Liberal Government he will find enthusiastic support from the ablest of the Liberal delegation, Mr. Hepburn, and probably very little resistance from most of the other Liberal members, who are perfectly accustomed to being dragooned into that behavior.

We shall not pretend to have the slightest sympathy with the provincial Liberals. A small fraction of their disaster is due to the inevitable decline in the popularity of any party which has to conduct the affairs of the nation as well as the province during a long and exhausting war. But nine-tenths of it is due to the supineness with which their Legislature representatives allowed themselves, for two years before the war began and from its beginning up to the end of its third year, to be bulldozed by their leader into ignoring the fundamental duty of a political party, to sustain its strength and unity in the nation at large even if that means the temporary sacrifice of power in a province. In Mr. Hepburn's case the motive was not even the maintaining of power in the province, for personal animosity against some of the Ottawa leaders counted for far more with him than his own security at Queen's Park; but his followers have not even the excuse of so human a feeling as hatred, and their course in behaving as an extra-parliamentary Opposition to the King Government was adopted solely as an expedient for hanging on to office. They are most justly rewarded in the loss of fifty seats and all their power and emoluments, and the complete shattering of the party organization.

MUSSOLINI

THE murderer has resigned. No need to bring
The gentleman to bar or justice now.
Let us rejoice at this most lovely thing:
Cain wipes the stain of blood from off his brow.

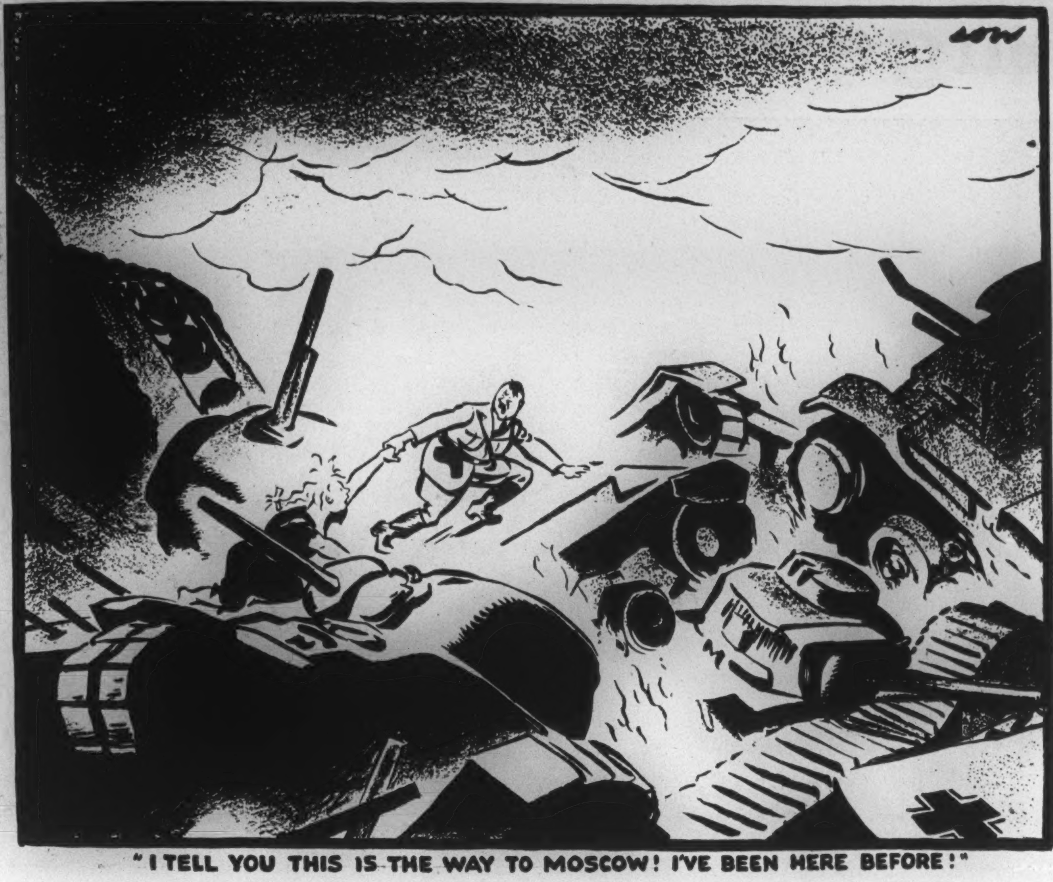
The murderer has resigned. Rejoice, O Weak.
No need for vengeance for the blood and tears.
The slaughtered patriots and the Ethiop tribes,
The back-stabbed Frenchmen and the Grecian dead
All deprecate the thought of unkind jibes.
The murderer has resigned. "How kind," we said.

"Signor", I beg you, call him when you speak,
Telling in detail all his bloody years.

RAYMOND CARD.

Mr. Bracken's Hand

THE Conservative campaign—except for the personal contributions of the publisher of the *Globe and Mail*—showed clear signs of the restraining hand of the new federal leader, Mr. Bracken. With the exception just noted, and that of a few posters put up early in the campaign and depicting Mr. King being kicked over the housetops by a vigorous Old Man Ontario, there was practically no attempt to capitalize on the current resentment in the province against Quebec and the belief that Quebec is dictating the war policies of the Dominion. That these things were factors in the voting we do not doubt, but they were wisely left to the inner promptings of the voters. After all, the Progressive Conservative party does not want to find itself an entirely outside-Quebec and anti-Quebec party in federal matters. It has been suggested that Mr. George McCullagh's two broadcasts will be enough in themselves to condemn it to that state for many years to come; but we doubt whether the French-Canadians will believe him to be the real voice of the party unless the party itself gives him some status as such.



"I TELL YOU THIS IS THE WAY TO MOSCOW! I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE!"

Less than fifteen of Mr. Drew's party group have ever sat in a Legislature, and only two of them have ever held the seals of office, all the other veterans of the Henry regime having disappeared. Of the CCF Opposition, no one but Miss Macphail has ever been in a legislative body. The only Liberal ex-Ministers are Mr. Hepburn and the handful left under Mr. Nixon. It is obvious that the conduct of affairs will for a time be largely in the hands of the high civil servants and the staff of the Legislature. On the other hand the intellectual quality of the House as a whole is immensely higher than it has been in years. It is most fortunate that it will probably have an entire session devoid of major problems, during which to learn its way about.

The first great problem with which the new Government will have to deal will probably be the readjustment of the relations between provinces and Dominion at the expiry of the wartime emergency, and in that task it will have the enormous benefit of the advice of Mr. Bracken—for we cannot quite see Mr. Drew conducting the same kind of guerilla warfare against *that* national leader as Mr. Hepburn has conducted against Mr. King.

We trust neither Mr. Drew nor Mr. Bracken will be misled by loudly trumpeted announcements that "Semi-Socialists of the Port Hope variety neither saved nor won a seat." Without Port Hope there would have been no Winnipeg Convention, no "Progressive" and no Bracken, and without these things there would have been no Conservative Government at Queen's Park. There might have been a Socialist one.

Our Labor Party

THE CCF in Ontario now affords the interesting spectacle of a very strong and energetic Socialist Labor Party with practically no basis in the agricultural sections. Whether it will succeed—whether it will even attempt—to overcome this limitation remains to be seen. Its one agricultural expert, Miss Macphail, now sits for an urban industrial constituency, far from the hay-scented, if not exactly spicy breezes that blow over Ceylon, Ont., where she herself was rejected by the electors when she last ran for Parliament and her party was rejected by the electors in last week's election for the Legislature. The party organs have violently resented the suggestion of this paper, that it is going to be difficult to combine labor and agriculture in a single party whose policies are definitely based upon class interests; but the result of the election shows the truth of our observation and the fundamental cleavage that exists between the class interests of the two sections.

No one can deny that one of the chief issues in politics today is the extent of state activity in regard to the management of industry. There is no question upon which public opinion is more sharply divided between those who desire more of such activity on the part of the state and those who bitterly resent the amount of it that we now have. A political alignment which finds nearly all those of the latter stamp supporting the Government and the great majority of the former supporting the Opposition seems like a natural and healthy division, and we look forward to a much more intelligent kind of debating in the Legislature than we have enjoyed for several years past.

The effect on the national future of the CCF is very difficult to predict. If it is to make any progress on the prairies it will have to show itself in an entirely different character from that which it now exhibits in Ontario and indeed in British Columbia also. Its national leader is a prairie man but not a farmer. Our prediction is that the party will find its easiest course in concentrating on the job of representing labor, and within a political setup such as we are threatened with, consisting of a number of sectional or factional groups rather than great national parties, a labor party may exercise a very considerable amount of power.

Meanwhile we welcome both Mr. Jolliffe and Miss Macphail to Queen's Park, and draw their particular attention to the closing sentence of a *Globe and Mail* editorial, which says that "It might well be that Mr. Jolliffe and this newspaper will have occasion to act together." That, we can assure them, is not a promise, it is a threat.

Plenty of Interest

WE FIND no occasion to despond about the size of the vote in the Ontario election. It is true that it was small compared with the two preceding elections. But that is sufficiently accounted for by the date, at the very climax of the vacation season, and by the atrocious incompetence of the enumeration, which disfranchised an unprecedented number of qualified electors. So incompetent was it that it does not appear even to have done any good to the party which had charge of it, for the voters who were left off belonged indiscriminately to every kind of party. If there is any excuse for this botching it must be found in the fact that the work had to be hastily done and that the kind of labor which is now available for such temporary jobs is, as every employer knows, of a very low degree of mental ability.

So on the whole this election, the first test of opinion in Ontario for four years, seems to us to have been a good healthy fight with a good healthy result. The provincial atmosphere is much clearer and fresher.

THE PASSING SHOW

WELL, if the province of Ontario is going to pay half the school taxes, perhaps it will be able to say who shall be principal of Runnymede.

•

The old profit motive is still good in a pinch. A few Canadian tankmen crept up under fire to reclaim an abandoned and badly damaged tank; reason, one of the crew had left in the tank an extra pair of pants with $47.50.

•

The back-seat driver problem has been solved. A military test pilot has set up an air speed record of 780 miles per hour, which is faster than sound.

•

Authors have been declared non-essential by the latest compulsory employment transfer order. And the last few detective novels we have read could just as well have been written without them.

•

Ode to General Eisenhower

O what a lot of Sapoglio
It will take to clean up the imbroglio
We've got into with General Badoglio!

•

The W.P.T.B. has halted an iceman's strike in Montreal. Anything frozen is right up their alley.

•

A C.W.A.C. advertisement says the use of lipstick, rouge and nail polish is permitted because "We want you to look your best." In the female forces A.W.L. probably means "absent without lipstick."

•

"Buzz" Beurling's father says that his son never used the profane language credited to him in Leslie Roberts' book. We suspect that until he saw it in print Mr. Beurling Senior thought it was just "Buzz" buzzing.

•

Now that the Russians have got Orel they can say to Hitler "Or else!"

•

Funny that the people who denounce blueprints of the future are the same people who maintain that the future looks pretty blue.

•

Maybe Mr. Nixon was a bit slow opening his parachute.

•

Consolation

The promises we always hear
In an election fray—
If they were kept, there'd be none left
For next election day.

NICK.

•

We should like to know if anybody anywhere has got a longer list of living ex-Premiers than Ontario.

•

That's the worst of appealing to the electors on your record. They can all see it.

•

Mr. Nixon now admits that it was no time to have a general election. Mr. Drew is not so sure. And Mr. Jolliffe always wanted one anyhow.

•

At Luncheon

A stranger sat at lunch with me,
A garrulous, afflictive wight,
Who buzzed like any bumble-bee
And blocked my appetite.

"My summer-place on Lake Kazad!"
"My motor-boat!" "My daughter's wit!"
Oh, what cared I for what he had
Or what he did with it?

Ah, worthy is the man, I think,
Who, with a lunch-room neighbor blest,
Reserves his trap for food and drink
And gives his tongue a rest.

More worthy still! Oh, sweetly fair,
The man who to the table brings
A pleasant smile, a listening air,
And asks about MY things!

J. E. M.

•

We suggest to the defenders of Free Enterprise that they begin agitating for an education test for voters. If every CCF voter had to tell what those initials stand for before he was permitted to vote, over half of them would be disqualified.

•

Somebody should remind the residents of Plage Laval that their village was not named after the present prime minister of France.

•

It must be remembered in Herr Hitler's favor, as a mitigating circumstance, that unlike Mussolini he had nobody to resign to.

"Guiding Angels" of Britain's Air Force...

Good or foul conditions, there is hardly one night in the year when some R.A.F. planes are not flying. Homeward bound, this Stirling heavy bomber is flying above moonlit clouds.

If, nearing home, thick fog makes landing difficult, Flying Control contacts the plane by radio and lands it safely.

By Peter O'Neill

THICK banks of fog low on the sea . . . swirling wraiths of dirty yellow mist on the hills . . . visibility "nil" and worse . . . through it the steady throb-throb of an aeroplane engine, first one then another, rumble in very low, just over your head, it seems as if the fog magnifies the sound.

You would not drive a car in that fog, yet it has not stopped the R.A.F. The reason is to be found in the most remarkable technical development of this war, the work of the guiding angels of Britain's air force, the men who, under conditions of the closest secrecy, operate Flying Control.

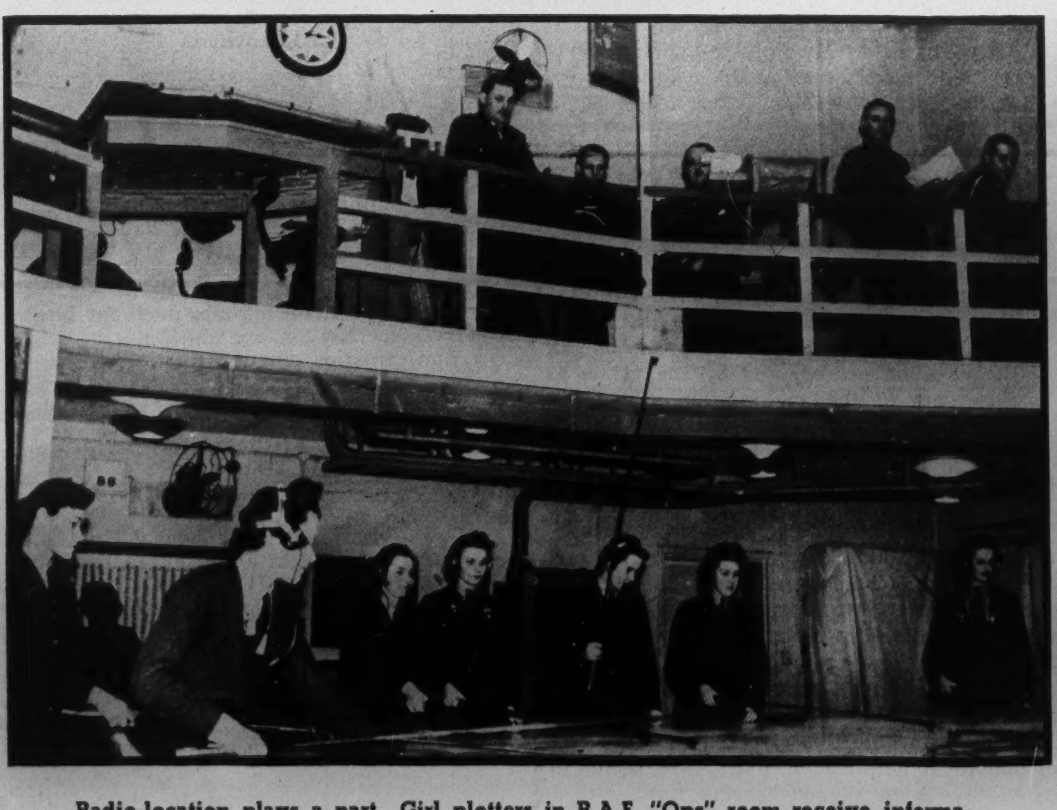
On many nights in winter bad weather pins down Bomber Command itching to crack at Germany, but there is hardly a single night in the year when some aircraft, such as the flying boats of Coastal Command, the reconnaissance craft, the naval planes, are not out on "ops". Without Flying Control they might take off—they would very rarely get home safely.

On many a night this past winter Flying Control, employing systems built up since the war, some of them based on America's great civil aviation methods, have safely landed hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of planes and scores of men in weather when, as one R.A.F. man once put it, "Even the birds had to get down and walk!"

Three main methods provided the start of Flying Control. The well-known Lorenz Blind-flying system, based on beam signalling and the standard method of pre-war blind approach—for it is the approach to an aerodrome that is difficult. Pilots can get their courses by radio easily enough, and if they fly at the right altitude won't run into too much trouble—until their gasoline gives out. The two other systems are much more secret—the Descent Through Cloud method combining direction-finding and direct communication with the lost plane, and so cleverly worked out it can be put into practice at split-second rate. Then there is the ZZ system, amazingly efficient, for use when visibility is below 1,000 yards and cloud is down below 500 feet. This is an improvement of the Descent Through Cloud method, involving the use of discoveries made since the war.

IMAGINE the position of a four-engined Stirling, say, badly shot up over the Ruhr. With one engine out of commission, great holes in the fuselage, the first pilot wounded, the navigator killed, and fire aboard—this and more has happened to many an R.A.F. plane.

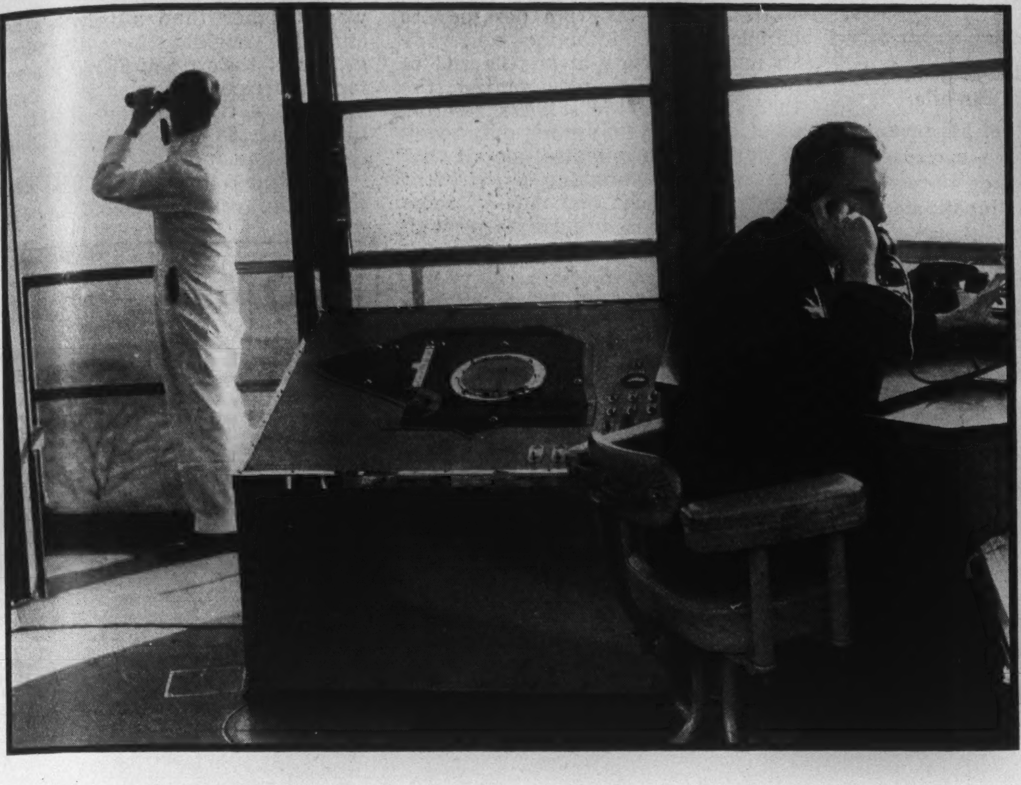
Gasoline is leaking, the plane limps along with the second pilot grimly nursing the controls—probably some of them are shot away anyhow. Bumbling low over the North Sea the Stirling runs into thick fog-banks, out into the clear again, slam into dense cloud. Nearing home, with gas for perhaps half an



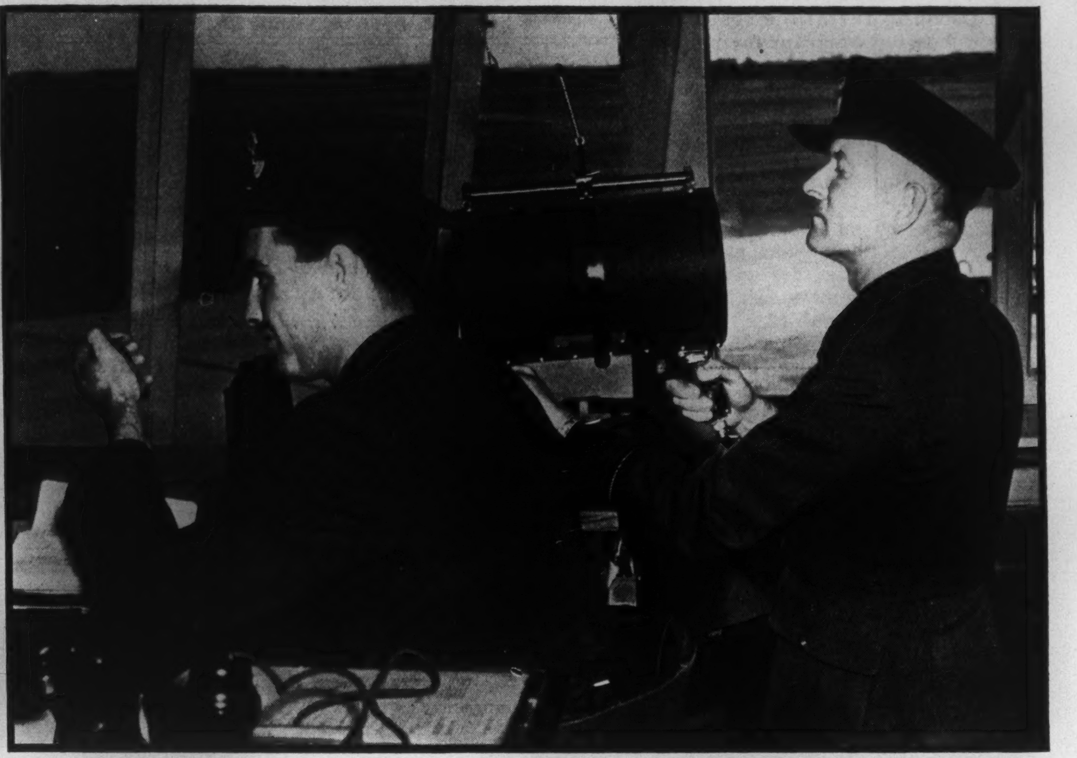
Radio-location plays a part. Girl plotters in R.A.F. "Ops" room receive information of the position of aircraft and with long rods plot their course on table maps.

Flying Control reaches far out to sea—to keep in touch with planes patrolling convoy lanes. The WAAF on the ladder moves symbols to indicate positions of patrols.

...Direct the Planes, Whatever the Weather



In the Control Tower: Watching a plane come in on the beam. Remote control panel (centre).



Officer in control room of Control Tower giving flash signals for a plane to land.

British War Office Photographs

hour's flying, it calls base, only to find landing conditions impossible. If they try to descend there's a 99% chance of being killed.

Flying Control is notified, picks up the aircraft by radio, rapidly the pilot is given course and height, provided with information to check the readings on his instrument panel, brought in unerringly over a pre-selected aerodrome. Here he is told to fly on a certain course for so many minutes, make a certain turn, reduce height, turn again, come in steadily, still completely blind.

A few hundred feet below him the Controller stands at the edge of the tarmac, portable microphone in hand, coolly giving instructions to the quarter million pounds of aircraft and half dozen men above him, as imperturbably as if he were talking to an elementary pupil in a Link Trainer. "Land directly" he says as the plane approaches on the right bearing and at the right angle. Confidently, effortlessly, the giant aircraft swoops in and bumps to a stop. Flying Control has done it again.

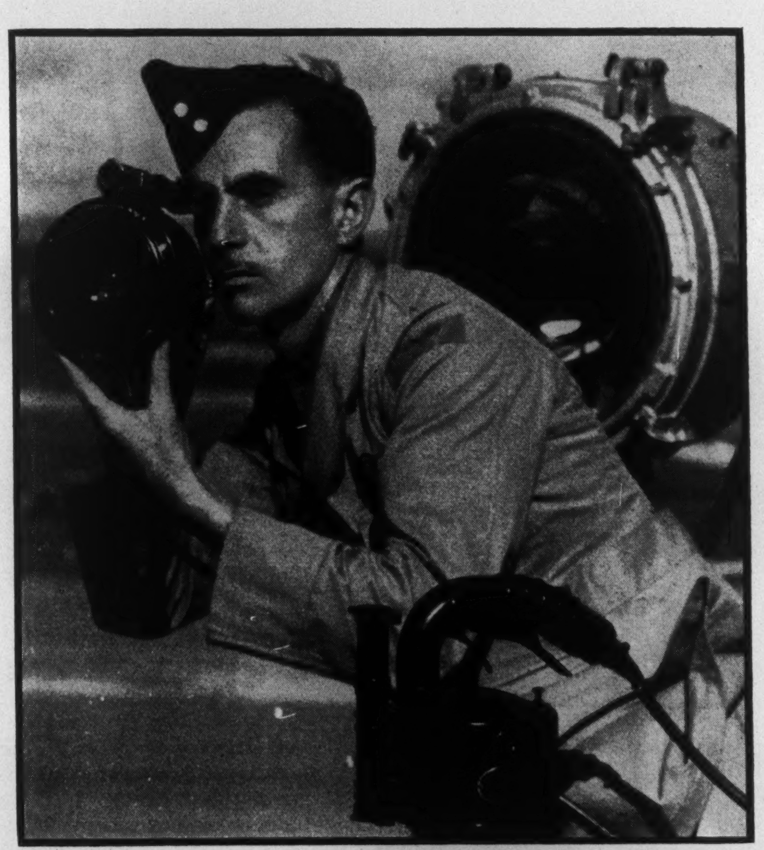
THERE have been nights when Flying Control, operating all over Britain, has dealt with scores of aircraft whose bases have been blacked out.

Messages are sent out in unbreakable code, changed every few hours.

Flying Control can send aircraft to a particular spot with as great facility as bringing them in; though the controller may be sitting in an office hundreds of miles away he can tell in an instant if the plane is a few yards off its course. Bombers are ferried across the Atlantic in absolute safety by means of Flying Control—yet think of the hullabaloo there was about weather and lost aircraft in the days of peace!

TWO famous instances of Flying Control operations were the shadowing of the Scharnhorst off Norway in 1941 when a Coastal Command plane found the battleship, followed her unseen, and was brought back to its base though weather conditions were so bad not another plane was flying in Western Europe that night. The second case involved Flying Control in a desperate search for one sheltered spot where three big Sunderlands, on Atlantic patrol, could land. The weather broke over their bases, it was impossible all along the western and southern shores. A storm was raging, darkness increasing, gasoline running out after a patrol of over a thousand miles.

A single Controller took them on, directed them into the teeth of a gale, flying 200 feet above a heaving, rain-lashed Atlantic, brought them in over land, sent them climbing painfully 7,000 feet to clear the Grampians, landed them securely in a Scottish cove on the N. E. coast. Thirty-three men and £300,000 worth of flying boats.



Movement of planes can be controlled from edge of tarmac by using Aldis lamp which signals Morse in a beam of light.

After the raid is over. The girl with the golden voice; at least it sounds that way to the boys returning from a raid, when she says: "C for Charlie," you may land.

A Beaufort of Coastal Command landing on the flare path of an aerodrome after a successful night flight. Landing lights of this type cast very little glare skywards.

Canada Has Big Post-War Plans for Veterans

BY ANNE FROMER

President Roosevelt is soon to announce details of the United States plan for returning members of the fighting forces to peacetime pursuits.

What he will announce, as set out in the "six points" of his recent radio address, and following a thorough study of Canada's measures, is a course of action based on the Dominion's "post-discharge re-establishment" order-in-council—undertaken almost at war's outbreak, made law in 1941, and operating today in a successful "test run".

Here is a comparison of Roosevelt's plan and the Canadian course of action for "when Johnny comes marching home."

PRESIDENT Roosevelt has promised soon to reveal the details of a comprehensive program for restoring to civilian life the millions of United States fighting men who will be demobilized when the war is won.

But it is possible to forecast those details by reviewing the far-advanced plans which Canada already has in operation. For in a startling number of measures made necessary by the war, the Dominion has provided the pattern for United States action; and Hon. Ian Mackenzie, Minister of Pensions and National Health indicates that the measures to which Mr. Roosevelt referred were based on Canada's "Post-Discharge Re-establishment" order-in-council which indeed goes measurably beyond the main points of the president's outline.

Specifically, United States planners are concerned with the following matters in converting soldiers into civilians: (1) a lump payment sufficient to tide a man over between the time he doffs his uniform and the day he starts in a civilian job; (2) unemployment insurance for those who cannot find work during that period; (3) making available training for skilled trades or higher education; (4) extending various contributory insurance benefits to fighting men just as though they had never left their civilian occupations; (5) provision of "sufficient pensions" and (6) improved and liberalized hospitalization, rehabilitation and medical care.

It is interesting that President Roosevelt's announcement was hailed as an indication that the war had progressed to a point where it was possible to discuss publicly the future of men still engaged in desperate struggle, while, on the other hand, Canada almost from the first day of war has treated post-war rehabilitation of her soldiers, sailors and airmen virtually as an integral part of her war effort.

Although a program designed to handle up to a million men and women must naturally await the end of war for its full implementation, the 13 divisions of the soldiers resettlement organization are not only ready to function in minutest detail, but are even now handling a sufficient number of discharged men — some 200 a month—to provide them with a thorough "test run."

Canadian Provisions

In addition to the six measures in which the United States is following Canada's example, the Dominion has three important enactments which are not at present on the American program—a nation-wide farm and suburban settlement scheme; provision for re-training and employment of maimed and disabled veterans, and a law making it mandatory for employers to re-hire employees who joined up.

Of the post-demobilization provisions which the two countries have in common, the only one which needs elaboration is that dealing with trade training and academic education for discharged fighting men.

The Canadian version foresees the desirability of persuading many thousands of men not to invoke the law which requires employers to give them back their "old jobs," but to take advantage of a unique opportunity of acquiring new skills in higher-pay occupations.

When peace comes, all Canadian fighting men will be given a "think-it-over" spell, a two-weeks pre-demobilization furlough to enable them to go home, look around, forget about the war for a while and discuss with wife or parents the best future course. Demobilization itself will be carried out gradually, at centralized points where will be grouped all agencies concerned with the future of the men.

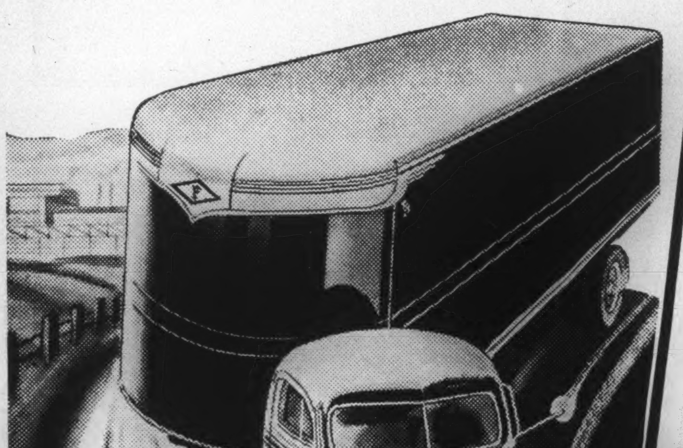
Veterans' Schools

A vocational training advisory council has surveyed all existing Canadian training facilities in a wide variety of occupations — forestry, fishing, mining, manufacturing and clerical work, and all industrial callings, in order to co-ordinate them into "veterans' schools" with standardized curricula. The nucleus of these schools already exists in the war emergency training centres which turn out skilled workers for Canada's war industries.

Veterans deciding to train for new trades will during their schooling receive a living allowance of $10.20 a week, higher than a private's pay, and be eligible for dependent's grants at the rate of $62.40 a month for a married man, plus $12 for each of the first two children, $10 for the third and $8 for each additional child up to a total of six.

The same allowances will be granted to the young soldiers, Canada's

Londoners are accustomed to strange sights in wartime, so perhaps they were not surprised when they saw a plough-tractor driven by girls of the Land Army being directed by this London "Bobby" up the Mile-End-road. It was driven up from Hertfordshire to the People's Palace to assist in a drive to enroll town workers as volunteers for holiday labour on farms.



MOTOR TRANSPORTATION *is an integral part of Canada's wartime assembly line*

CANADA'S HIGHWAYS, TRUCKS AND TRAILERS ARE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE ASSEMBLY LINES FOR OUR WAR PRODUCTION

Few products are completely fabricated in one place. Parts and materials from every part of the country come together in the large war plants. In scores of cases, assembly lines begin and end miles apart . . . possibly halfway across the country . . . and connecting these assembly lines is Canada's motor transport industry.

Only two things can handicap motor transport's ability to continue doing this all-important job—shortage of manpower and supplies. *Already the industry has given 40% of its personnel to the armed forces;* 20% more are working in essential war industries and on such vital projects as the Alaska Highway and the Shipshaw power development.

Motor transport has been declared essential by the Minister of Labour. It is hoped that other Government Departments will follow this far-sighted decision.

Because the Industry is a vital part of the war effort, it should have a high labour priority to protect the remaining skilled personnel . . . it takes months to train new drivers and mechanics. And it also should be guaranteed a steady flow of parts to properly maintain its equipment.

Without these, transport service will be badly handicapped and our war industries will be the chief sufferers. With them, Canada can be assured that motor transport will keep things moving on the Nation's assembly lines.

Fruehauf Trailer Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Truck-Trailers also contribute to Canada's war effort by doubling the payload capacity of motor trucks, by moving more tons with less gasoline and oil, by reducing the number of trucks required for civilian needs, and by freeing rail freight facilities for work which they can handle advantageously.

WHY MOTOR TRANSPORT IS ESSENTIAL TO CANADA'S WAR EFFORT

★

A recent analysis of truck traffic disclosed that 73.6% was for plants engaged in vital war work; 22.7% for essential civilian supplies.

★

100 out of 104 representative companies working on Dept. of Munitions & Supply contracts declared that motor transportation is of vital importance to their business.

★

Most of Canada's food, milk and fresh produce are handled by motor transport. For instance, in Toronto every one of the 12,000 cans of milk consumed daily is hauled from farm to dairy by trucks and trailers: 84.3% of all the hogs and 61.9% of all livestock received at the Union Stock Yards arrive by truck.

★

10,000 communities in Canada depend solely on motor transport services because they are not served by the railroads.

FRUEHAUF *-World's largest builders of Truck-* TRAILERS

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FROM A PEACE-TIME CONVENIENCE TO A WARTIME INDISPENSABLE

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For the duration we can supply but a part of the huge demand for RONSONS. Use and take care of your old one so the fellow who hasn't got one can buy one too.

☆

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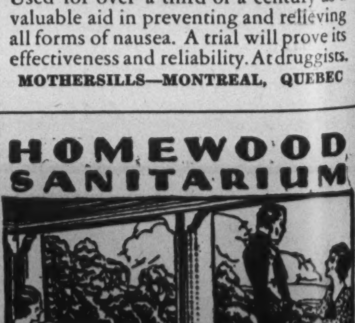
MOTHERSILLS—MONTREAL, QUEBEC

HOMEWOOD SANITARIUM



The happiest days of many patients' lives have been spent at Homewood. It is more than a hospital for the treatment of nervous and mental strain . . . it is a community of beautiful buildings situated on a scenic country site, where good cheer and interest rule. The services of a kindly medical staff—hydrotherapy, massage, diet, electrotherapy, occupational therapy, are all included in one very moderate rate.

Write F. H. C. Baugh, M.D.
Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium,
Guelph, Ont.

FREE CATALOG IN FULL COLOR

Security
Independence
Health

TOBE'S TREERY
NIAGARA ON THE LAKE, ONT

business and professional leaders of tomorrow, who wish to continue interrupted educations. Accelerated courses in the sciences and professions will enable students to catch up with others whose studies have not been stopped.

By far the greatest number of veterans who will benefit by the education plan, however, are those of low scholastic standing. A survey of 350,000 Canadians in the armed forces showed that of that number no fewer than 250,000 had an educational grade lower than junior matriculation.

The post-discharge order provides that any man or woman who can attain entrance standing within 15 months after demobilization will be enabled to attend university with fees, travelling expenses and living allowances paid. To this end thousands of young Canadians in the armed forces are today taking matriculation correspondence courses, designed especially for them and "official" in every province, to be ready for educations they could not otherwise have aspired to.

Land Settlement

Most far-reaching of the three features which are still exclusively Canadian is the farm and suburban program, aimed at taking care of three separate types of veterans—(1) farmers, (2) industrial workers who wish to live outside cities and cultivate a few acres of land in their spare time, and (3) fishermen whose employment cycle would be stabilized if they became part-time small farmers.

The land for hundreds of "new" post-war Canadian farms is being chosen with great care, in sharp contrast to the ill-fated experiment which followed the last war. Farms will be first class agriculturally and staked out near schools and public utilities.

Veterans wishing to turn farmers may choose their own location and acquire a farm worth up to $4,800 for "half price," make a down payment of 10 per cent and liquidate the balance in 25 years at three and a half per cent interest.

Farm candidates, too, will be selected with care. Experience is desirable, but not essential if the applicant has the proper "farming temperament." Even the background of their wives is to be "questioned," and English girls who marry or become engaged to Canadian soldiers intending to farm after the war are being given a special course on "how to live on a Canadian farm."

Small groups of men with their families may pool their $4,800 allotment to acquire large holdings to be worked communally. This is expected to be especially popular in the prairie provinces.

Suitable industrial workers—particularly those in seasonal trades—will be encouraged to settle on suburban properties now being acquired by the government in collaboration with local municipal councils. They too may take up a house and land valued at $4,800, on the same terms as the "real" farmer. This plan is expected to help solve the slum problem, as well as fill in the slack season of industrial workers with chicken raising, truck gardening and fruit growing.

Professional fishermen of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and inland waters, who hitherto worked excessively hard during the season and idled or puttered at odd jobs the rest of the year, may take up small plots to provide year-round occupation. However, a considerable part of their $4,800 is expected to be put into boats and fishing gear, and they may too combine their resources in small co-operative fishing ventures.

Forgotten men of past wars have too often been the maimed; the legless and armless and the blind. Their traditional lot was to live on a small pension, eked out with jobs as watchmen, janitors, elevator operators or basket weavers. After this war hundreds of such Canadians will be reclaimed for useful happy life through special training.

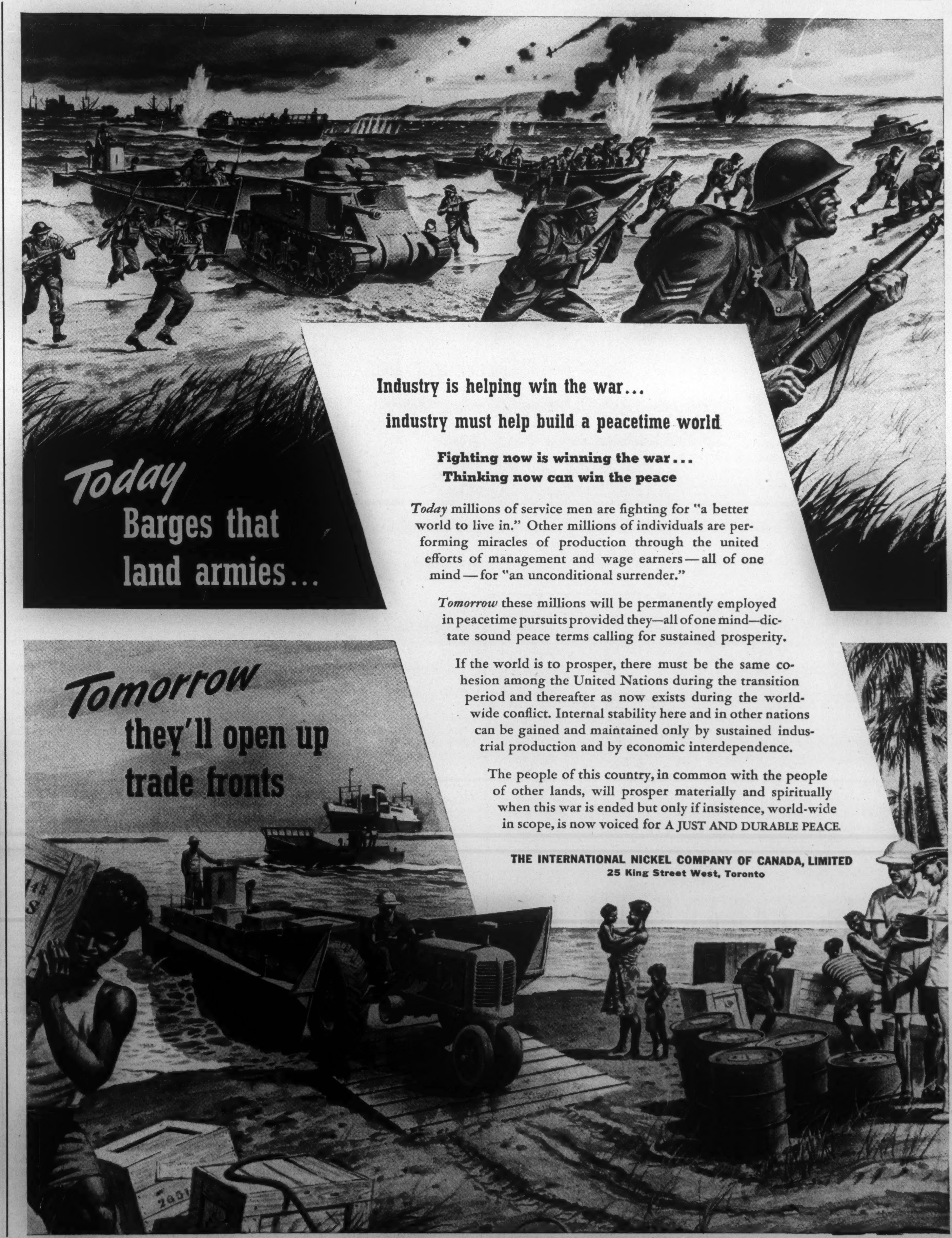
A strong incentive for disabled veterans to take full advantage of courses enabling them to obtain useful employment is the higher-than-average living allowance: As much as $125 a month for married men, will be paid during the training period while they adjust themselves to their disability and become versed in suitable industrial skills.

Disabled Veterans

In addition, a campaign is being waged to change the attitude of employers towards disabled workers, and a strong weapon in the hands of the committee in charge of this work is the experience of two large industrial concerns which have long made a practice of employing maimed workers: One found that there were 67 per cent fewer accidents among the handicapped, and employment turnover was seven per cent lower. The other company, with 10,000 physically handicapped men on its payroll, boasts the lowest compensation rate in its particular industry.

Business men are seeing the light—no fewer than 100 committees composed of potential employers have been formed across Canada. Their objective is to study all the "angles" and problems connected with disabled men at work—and to make things as smooth and as comfortable as possible for men who have given all but their life for their country.

Off on the offensive is this torpedo-carrying Beaufighter, used extensively in attacks on enemy shipping.



Industry is helping win the war...
industry must help build a peacetime world

Fighting now is winning the war...
Thinking now can win the peace

Today millions of service men are fighting for "a better world to live in." Other millions of individuals are performing miracles of production through the united efforts of management and wage earners—all of one mind—for "an unconditional surrender."

Tomorrow these millions will be permanently employed in peacetime pursuits provided they—all of one mind—dictate sound peace terms calling for sustained prosperity.

If the world is to prosper, there must be the same cohesion among the United Nations during the transition period and thereafter as now exists during the world-wide conflict. Internal stability here and in other nations can be gained and maintained only by sustained industrial production and by economic interdependence.

The people of this country, in common with the people of other lands, will prosper materially and spiritually when this war is ended but only if insistence, world-wide in scope, is now voiced for A JUST AND DURABLE PEACE.

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For 40 Years Smuts Has Led the Way

BY J. A. STEVENSON

Now that Field Marshal Smuts has climaxed his epic career with his greatest political victory at home, it is to be expected that he will make use of what will probably be his last spell in office by giving leadership to the United Nations in peace planning. It has long been agreed that if he survived, his voice would be one of the most respected at the peace conference. Twenty-three years ago he was one of the main architects of the League of Nations but he has lived to recognize the short-comings of the League and has suggested the direction that a new concept should take. Already the United Nations have started to follow his line of policy.

POLITICIANS rarely reap in their lifetime such a great reward for courage and constancy of purpose as has fallen to Field Marshal Jan Smuts in his seventy-fourth year.

For more than forty years, he has had to face great vicissitudes and not a few sharp reverses of political fortune, he has had to agree to compromise and join forces with former political opponents in coalition ministries, and he has been attacked by extreme British Imperialists as indifferent to the British connection and reviled by extreme Dutch Nationalists as the servile tool of British Imperialism. Now, in the late evening of his long public career he has been given by the voters of South Africa his most decisive mandate, through a general election whose final results have given him 110 supporters in the House of Representatives out of a total membership of 153.

Fortunately for South Africa and the Commonwealth, Smuts possesses a unique combination of qualities, the courage of the veteran soldier, which has won him the rank of Field Marshal in the British Army, the wisdom of the philosopher, who wrote an erudite treatise called "Holism" and the shrewdness of the keen practical politician, who knows every trick of his trade and lays his plans for each election campaign with uncanny strategical skill.

Early Days of the War

He has needed all these qualities since he parted company with his old rival and friend, General Hertzog, now dead, in September 1939 on the issue of South Africa's participation in the present war and, after resigning from the Cabinet, won from the House of Representatives by the slender majority of 13 a mandate for full belligerency, subject to the qualification, now cancelled, that South African troops would not be used outside the African continent. In this fight Smuts secured his chief support from his own United party, but by itself it could not provide him with a permanent majority and so he formed a coalition ministry which included representatives of two minor groups, the Labor and Dominion parties.

Installed in power, he had to divide his time and energies between managing a somewhat difficult domestic political situation and exercising a general supervision over the mobilisation of South Africa's fighting forces and their effective employment in the campaigns in East and North Africa. It was fortunate for him that sharp divergences of opinion and personal animosities kept the forces of the Opposition divided into mutually jealous factions and prevented such an able band of political opponents as General Hertzog. Dr. Malan, Mr. Pirow and Mr. Havenga from making common cause against him.

Then the German conquest of Holland and the systematic tyrannies and cruelties practised upon its population aroused the deep sympathy of many Dutch Afrikanders, who had not been enthusiastic about supporting Britain in a war but came to realize the menace that Fascism held for the whole world. So, as the struggle proceeded, Smuts increased the strength of his parliamentary following.

The Recent Election

For his campaign Smuts adopted a very brief and very effective slogan, "Peace Through Victory," and he employed his fine platform gifts and electioneering skill to convince the voters that South Africa's participation in the war had already been fully justified by the removal of the menace of Fascist Imperialism from the African continent and that there must be no abatement of her contributions to the common cause of human freedom until the sinister trinity of dictatorial states were beaten down into unconditional surrender. And before the campaign opened, he achieved for the election a working arrangement with the leaders of the Dominion and Labor parties whereby their candidates were given a clear field in nine constituencies each, while these parties pledged their support to the United party in all the other constituencies.

The Opposition forces were at great disadvantage because there had been generated in all classes an intense pride in the fine fighting record of the South African army and air force, and a firm determination that they must be supported by all the resources of the Union until victory was achieved. Dr. Malan, the leader of the Nationalist party, is a veteran politician of great experience, and evidently some time ago he formed the conclusion that he could not afford to win the election because victory would involve him in the embarrassing task of withdrawing South Africa from the war, a move which would make civil war a virtual certainty.

The real objects of his strategy were to poll for the Nationalist party a large enough vote to demonstrate its vigor and to eliminate the minor Opposition groups, whose vagaries had been causing him constant trouble. So he made comparatively little play with the neutrality cry with which he and his associates had been attacking Smuts for nearly four years.

Malan Used Racial Issue

In one speech he did set forth what the Nationalist party would do if it won the election. "We shall," he said, "bring our troops back within our borders. Whether the Nationalist party will then immediately make peace will depend on whether South Africa is able to take up an attitude of absolute neutrality." Such a policy merely excited derision, as it would have brought great obloquy upon South Africa and deprived her of any voice at the Peace Conference. So Dr. Malan wisely refrained from any but casual advocacy of this policy and concentrated his main energies during the campaign upon fanning racial prejudices and harping upon the bogey of Communism, whose spread in his view was being promoted to a dangerous degree by the unfortunate alliance with Russia. In view of the fact that more than half of the South Africans on active service are of Dutch blood, his appeal to racial prejudice fell very flat and in a country where Communists are almost as scarce as hen's teeth, a crusade against their creed does not reap many political dividends. However, Dr. Malan did succeed in polling a substantial vote for his Nationalist party, which holds most of the 43 seats carried by the Opposition, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the minor groups reduced to impotence and the elimination of his most formidable rival, Mr. Havenga.

So General Smuts is now confirmed in power with an overwhelming majority behind him, and it will be strange if he does not utilize what in the nature of things will probably be his last spell of office for very fruitful activities. Since he has in his Cabinet some very able lieutenants, notably Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, the Treasurer, who is clearly destined to succeed him in the leadership of the United party, he will be comparatively free to leave domestic policies in their charge and devote himself to international problems. If he survives till the end of the war, he will be the only figure of the first rank among the leaders of the United Nations who also participated in the Peace Conference at Versailles, and as such cannot fail to wield great authority in the deliberations of the victors.

League of Nations

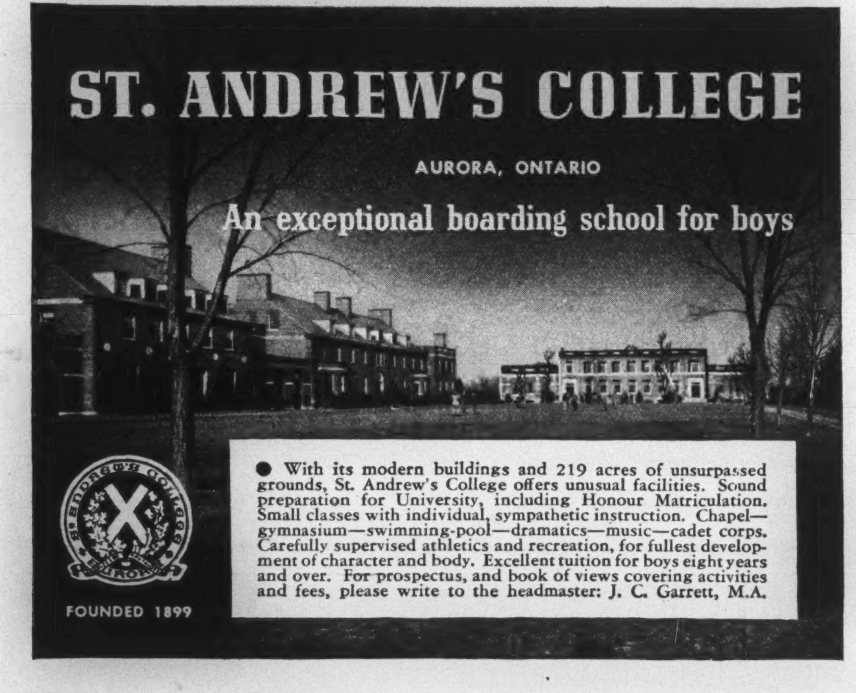
Smuts was, after Woodrow Wilson, one of the chief architects of the League of Nations, and worked in close collaboration with Lord Cecil in the framing of its Covenant and other provisions. Throughout the calamitous decades between the two wars, he pleaded persistently for the firm maintenance of the system of collective security embodied in the League and repeatedly uttered warning prophecies about the disasters which its collapse would bring to the world. He, however, came to realize that the League, which he had helped to build, was a very imperfect instrument, and in the famous speech which he delivered to a joint session of both houses of the British Parliament on October 1, 1942, he made a candid admission that the plan adopted twenty-three years previously had been much too vague and crude and at the same time much too ambitious, and that its failure had contributed to the present conflict. Then he proceeded as follows:

"A great deal of thought is no doubt already being given to these matters and one may hope that we shall approach peace much better informed and equipped than we were the last time. Certain points of great importance have already emerged. Thus we have accepted the name "United Nations." This is a new conception, much in advance of the old concept of the League of Nations.

Visiting America

We do not want a mere League but something more definite and organic, even if to begin with it is more limited and less ambitious than the League. 'United Nations' is in itself a fruitful conception and on the basis of that conception practical machinery for the functioning of an international order could be evolved. Then again we have the 'Atlantic Charter' in which certain large principles of international policy in the social and economic sphere have been accepted. That too marks a great step forward, which only requires more careful definition and elaboration to become a real Magna Carta of Nations."

At present the United Nations have started to follow the line of policy thus outlined by Field Marshal Smuts, by formulating plans and setting up machinery for close international collaboration in coping with problems like postwar relief and the banishment of want, and this process will be carried on steadily. Smuts and Churchill, who once fought against one another in the South African War, are now the warmest of friends, and Churchill has an enormous respect for the older man's political judgment. With President Roosevelt Smuts has had few opportunities for creating personal ties, and so it is very satisfactory news that he will at an early date pay a visit to this continent. His views upon the peace settlement and postwar reconstruction are bound to carry great weight with President Roosevelt and it is to be hoped that he will find time to deliver a series of speeches in the United States and Canada for the enlightenment of their peoples about the realities of the postwar situation and liberal solutions for its paramount problems.



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THE WORLD OF SPORT

Little Hopes and Great Expectations

BY KIMBALL McILROY

The editor regrets to inform readers of "The World of Sport" that Kimball McIlroy won't be with us for awhile. How long depends on the durability of Mr. Hitler and his associates. For the last two years or so Mr. McIlroy has been writing his fortnightly review inside an army uniform, which he's now wearing somewhere overseas. He hopes to be back with us some time. We hope so too.

SUPPOSE that a sports columnist who had been surveying what might be politely termed the sporting scene in Canada for a number of years, the last two from a succession of military camps, were to go away for an indeterminate period to engage in pursuits of a not-quite-sporting nature. Suppose that this columnist were to return to Canada at the end of this period. (Suppose this very hard.) What changes would he expect to see in the scene mentioned above and, perhaps more important, what changes would he hope to see?

The first question might be answered very simply with "None," on the grounds that things don't change here very much or very often, but this is not strictly true. Look at the C.R.U. They adopted the forward pass after less than twenty years of bickering over it. In another twenty years we may reasonably expect to see a sound and sensible position in the matter of running interference. No, there will be changes and the only question is: what will they be?

TAKE hockey. You'll take it whether you like it or not, in large quantities, because hockey is Canada's outstanding if not national (remember lacrosse?) sport. The changes which the s.c. expects to see at the conclusion of the war or very shortly thereafter is that while hockey remains this country's biggest sport, this isn't going to remain hockey's biggest country. And you don't need three guesses to figure out which is. The s.c.'s hope regarding hockey is closely tied up with this fact. The hope is that the N.H.L. may some day begin to show some evidence of being interested in something besides the state and well-being of their own pocketbooks. Evidence of this nature is extremely difficult to come by at the moment. This goes for some individual players and for most executives, insofar as they can be judged by public utterances and actions.

There are too many pro hockey players who have no apparent reason for not being in some branch of the service, and too many ex-players who appear to have joined not to fight but to play hockey. They aren't giving the game a good name. And the executives who dole out piddling amounts to service funds from benefit games aren't helping greatly either.

People notice these things. They don't like them. Professional hockey has long had a reputation for doing pretty much what it liked when it liked. These aren't appropriate times to hold such beliefs.

IN THE matter of rugby, the s.c. expects to see a pronounced upswing at the cessation of hostilities elsewhere. Soldiers get into the habit of leading somewhat rough lives, and youngsters inducted into the services without having had the chance to play are eager to pick it up when they get out. Furthermore a public grown accustomed to vicarious violence in one form or another will be looking around for a substitute, and rugby when properly (or improperly, depending upon the point of view) played will do as a substitute until something better comes along.

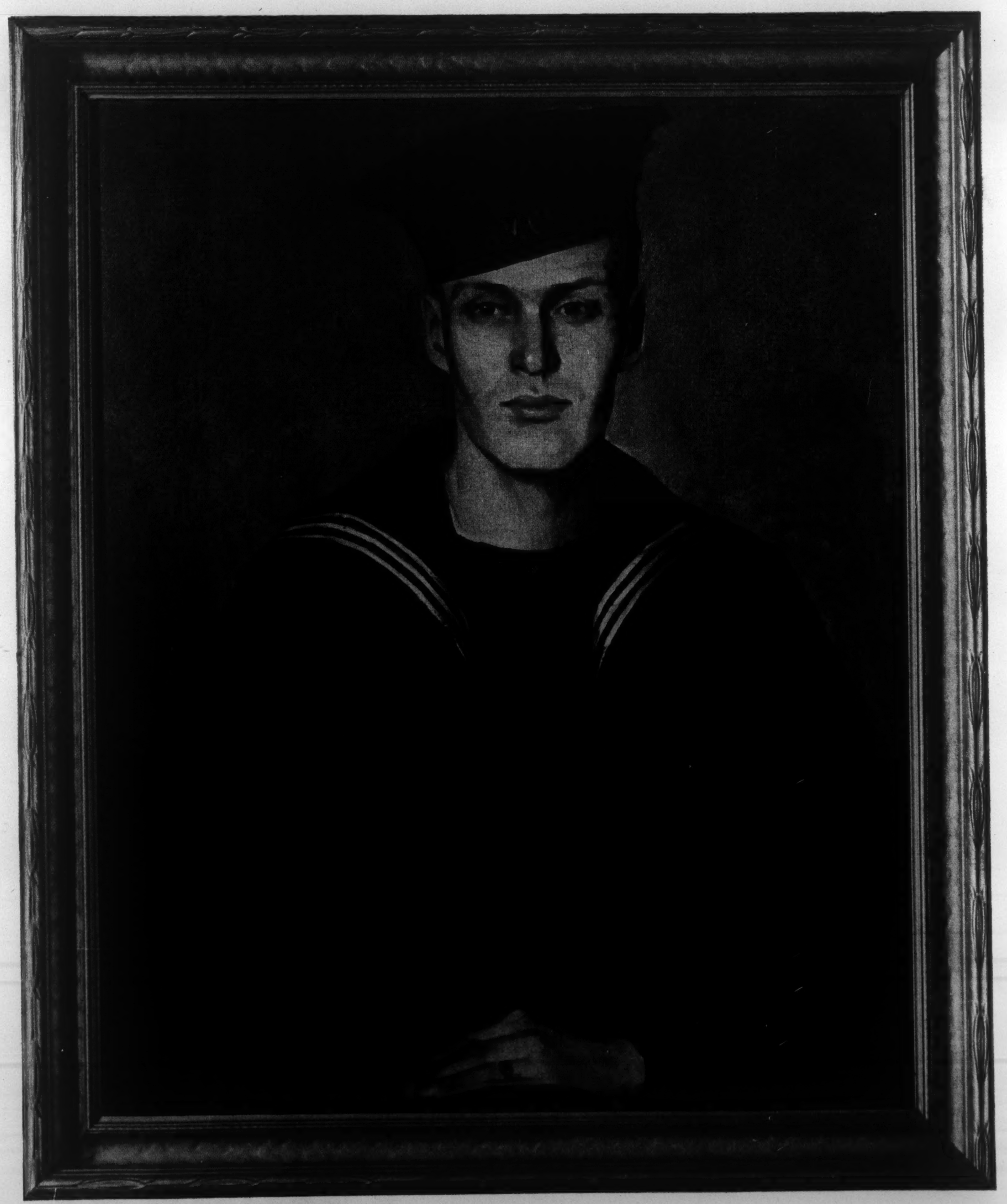
As for a hope about rugby, there are too many of them. First and foremost is a fervent hope that the C.R.U. may come to understand that the West, although a long way off, is still a part of Canada and even civilized in some small degree. The C.R.U. labors under the quaint delusion that the West is still populated by Bad Men who murder and steal and do other bad things such as importing players and paying players and scouting games and other nefarious practices undreamed of in the East. They feel too that the teams brought East from Winnipeg probably aren't any good in the first place and wouldn't draw a crowd even if they were. They hold this view stubbornly as they sit and watch the cowboys beat the hell out of local aggregations to the edification of record crowds.

The s.c. might hope too that some day the C.R.U. will look into the matter of lining up a uniform set of rules which if they don't please everybody will at least please somebody. It wouldn't be difficult. A lot of fans have long since considered the pros and cons of the two current sets and arrived at compromises which appear to them satisfactory. Not so the C.R.U. They feel that rules which were good enough for grandpa are good enough for us. They aren't.

THERE are a lot more sports, and a lot more hopes and expectations about all of them. There's no use going into detail. They all amount to pretty much the same things. In general, the men who play sports are a swell lot and the men who promote and control sports are a bad lot. Until we ease out a lot of the latter and substitute a lot of the former we're not going to see much progress. This war is being fought, as this column understands it, to get rid of certain unpleasant objects. There's no reason why a little housecleaning couldn't be done at home.

But this column has been around for a long time and only last week broke its rose-colored glasses. You can live on hope but you don't wax very fat in the process. And it looks as if just living might be pretty precarious for the next little while.

This column will stick to its expectations.



EVER since Alfred the Great, men of British blood have gone down to the sea in fighting ships. Today young Canadians from city, forest and farm are following the ancient call—and finding salt water in their blood. For the makers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, this character study in oils was painted by Marion Long, R.C.A.

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The Growth of Industrial Unionism

BY C. ROSS MacEWAN

> **The supposed conflict between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. is not a conflict of principles of labor organization. It is rather one between the younger and the older, the poorer and the more aristocratic, bodies of workers.**
>
> **Now that the Mine Workers are seeking readmission into the A.F. of L. and the old craft union of the Machinists has left it, there is no clear line of demarcation.**
>
> **But unions which have already organized to cover a "craft" naturally dislike it when they see an "industrial" union trying to enlist "craft" men who happen to be in the industrial's industry.**

ONE of the most persistent legends the average press-educated citizen cherishes is the over-simplified delusion that all labor is divided into two groups—the "A.F. of L." and the "C.I.O."—and that wars between labor overlords in both organizations are the cause of most industrial discord.

Actually, neither the American Federation of Labor nor the Congress of Industrial Organizations have meaning in themselves. Both are merely central councils to which autonomous and self-governing unions are voluntarily affiliated. These independent organizations number in the thousands. They, not the central labor bodies, are the key of the entire movement. Some are extremely large and extremely wealthy; others are extremely large but quite poor. Some are small, wealthy and exclusive; others are small, weak and penniless. Many are affiliated with other lesser-known centres. Quite a number are independent of any central labor congress.

A first step to better understanding of the labor movement would be to forget all about "A.F. of L.", "C.I.O." or any other alphabetical symbolism. The basic phenomenon behind the recent rise in importance of organized labor is the replacement of "craft" unionism by "industrial" unionism and the subsequent rapid growth of the new organizational form.

"Craft" unionism is easily understood and appreciated by the average man. Lawyers, doctors and professional men would probably resent having their associations called "unions" but, in form, they are actually "craft unions" — vehicles through which those who specialize in a certain activity can compare and discuss common problems.

Just as the primary concern of such bodies is no longer the jacking up of fees but the establishment and safeguarding of professional standards, so the primary interest of the craft unions is now the setting and protection of craft or trade standards. Your journeyman printer, master carpenter, plumber or stonemason is as jealous of his centuries-old art as any doctor, lawyer or electrical engineer.

"Industrial" unionism cannot be compared with professional societies. It can be compared with such eminently respectable organizational forms as "retailers' associations", "manufacturers' associations", etc. These associations merge all sorts of diversified persons, are primarily pressure groups designed to "lobby" proper street lighting or higher tariffs from the government in power. The industrial union similarly cuts across craft or trade lines, worries little about "professional standards". Its primary purpose is to "lobby" higher wages or improved working conditions from the worker's economic government — the management of the plant or industry in which that worker toils.

Product of New Age

"Craft" unionism dates back to biblical antiquity. Industrial unionism is a product of the new industrial age.

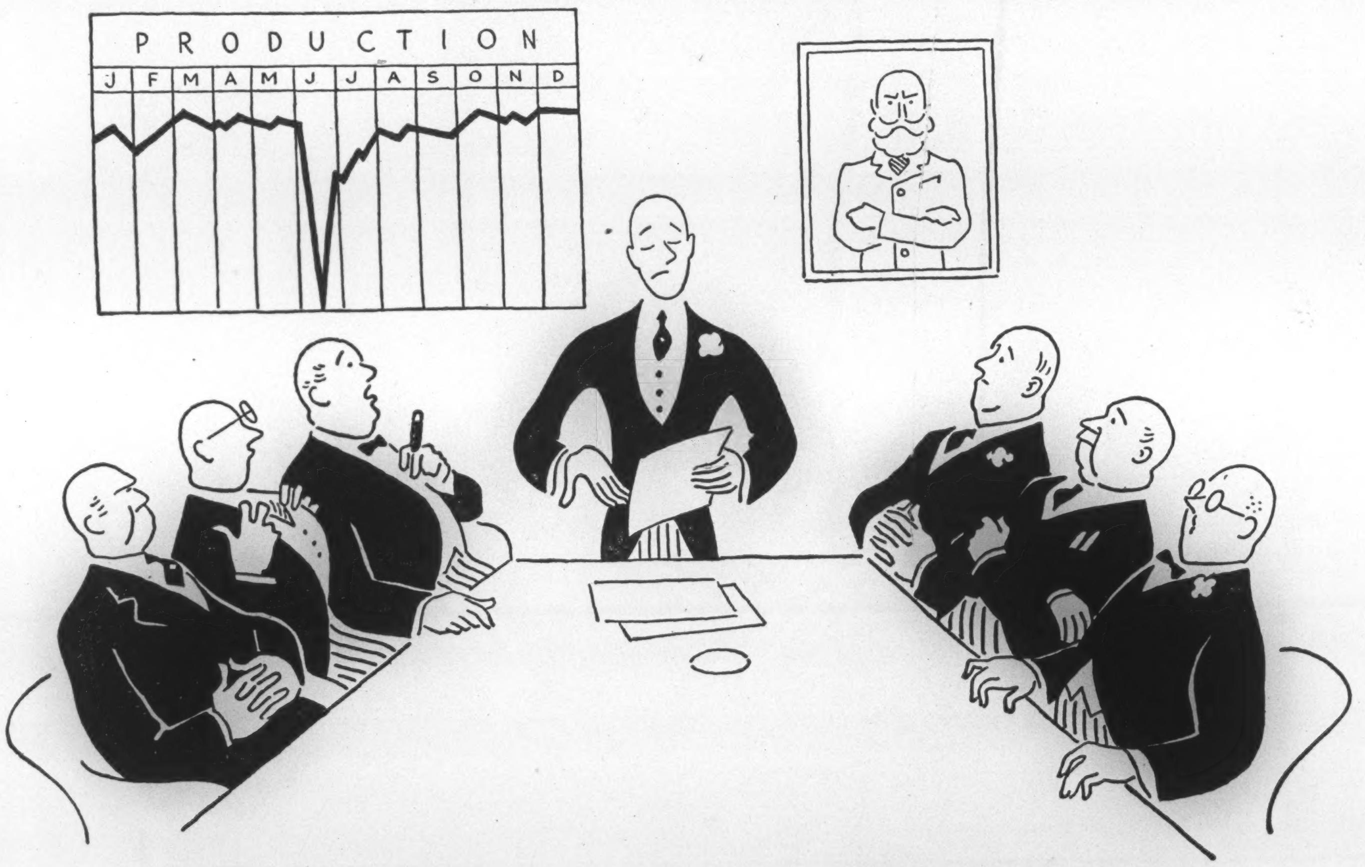
North America first encountered industrial unionism in the raw frontiers of industry. Thousands upon thousands of uneducated, unskilled Irish and European peasants poured into the coal and metal mining centres during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Racially-mixed, poverty-ridden, these conglomerations of unskilled men and women were completely dependent upon one powerful employer who usually lived in a far distant city and who issued orders through some manager in whose selection an effective bullying capacity was at least as highly regarded as an advanced social consciousness.

At first the laborers huddled together for mutual protection in secret nationalist or religious organizations. There was no worry about apprenticeships, craft standards or similar refinements in these furtive gatherings. The murder of some particularly brutal mine manager, the theft of food from high-priced company stores in order to feed starving children, were typical agenda topics. Slowly but surely, however, these vague groupings merged and developed into "collective bargaining units"—unions which took in all employees working for a single employer regardless of the employee's particular trade or craft.

The I.W.W. and O.B.U.

The aristocratic journeyman's trade organizations were understandably scornful of these groups, referred to them as "labor" unions as distinct from their exclusive "trade" unions. Just before and during the first Great War a merger of these "industrial" unions came momentarily into being. In the U.S. they called their labor centre the Industrial Workers of the World, known more familiarly as the I.W.W. or "Wobblies". In the Canadian west a similar centralization took place under the name of the One Big Union, the O.B.U. Both groups collapsed, the "Wobblies" were liquidated by the guns of company militia, the O.B.U. with the loss of the Winnipeg General Strike.

But with the onrush of the industrial revolution, the industrial union idea continued to grow and mature. Certain industries became highly unionized and the industrial unions covering that industry became mature and powerful organizations. The United Mine Workers of America, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—their very names suggest that fusion of craft and labor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groupings under the common industry loyalty.

By the 1930's industrial unions were beginning to crowd out the craft groups as the dominant segment of North American unionism. Craftism still ruled supreme in the building trades, where machinery had made no inroad. But even in the highly organized railroads and printing trades there was a noticeable tendency to joint action between the various trade groups when it came time to negotiate the annual agreement with employers.

By 1937 the industrial unions had gained definite superiority in membership. Our newspapers have played up the so-called "A.F. of L.—C.I.O." split that took place around that time as a battle between rival union overlords for power and position. This is a completely distorted picture. All that happened was that a number of previously non-unionized workers suddenly swept themselves into the fold of organized labor through new industrial union structures.

Development of C.I.O.

Numerous attempts had been made by craftsmen working in such industries as automobile, steel, rubber and electrical appliances to secure protection for their trade standards. All had failed, since the craftsmen were few in number in comparison with the unskilled workers and since machinery had completely smothered craftsmanship in these fields.

Unable to secure any help through the craft groups, many workers in these industries turned to the head offices of the big industrial unions, appealed for organizers and assistance in setting up industrial unions that would cover their industry. Several of the larger industrial unions set up a Committee for Industrial Organization, lent money from their own treasuries to the Committee with instructions that it be used to assist the newer groups.

The craft unions had no objection to organizing the "laborers" in these industries into some new type of union, but they objected strongly when craftsmen as well as laborers were embraced by the new set-ups. The craft groups demanded that the new unions split their membership up into component craft sections. The new unions refused. The industrial unions within the American Federation of Labor backed this refusal. Using their precarious majority of votes the crafts demanded and secured the expulsion of the new industrial unions and their older supporters from the Federation.

But the expulsion was merely a token gesture. The older industrial unions and their rapidly expanding step-children formed their own labor centre, the Congress of Industrial Organizations. Within the A.F. of L., craft groups continued to merge and fuse into more centralized semi-industrial union forms. New organizations admitted into the Federation were almost exclusively industrial in form.

It Is Not "Feuding"

Today, to speak of A.F. of L. vs. C.I.O. feuding is largely amusing. John L. Lewis and his Mine Workers broke away from the C.I.O. over a year ago and are now asking for readmission into the A.F. of L. family. The International Association of Machinists, an old-established craft group, has recently developed into a preponderantly industrial-type union and has severed its connection with the A.F. of L. The aristocratic Typographical Union left the A.F. of L., joined and then left the C.I.O., and is now independent.

"Jurisdictional disputes" can usually be traced to "borderline" arguments. In Montreal Tramways, for example, the recent strike was due to the fact that the employees felt their position would be stronger in a union which embraced all transport workers rather than a merger of craft groups covering merely street-car workers. Within the industrial union segment there is, concurrent with the use of various types of metal within the one plant, a tendency to merge separate industrial unions of metal workers into one combined structure. Differences in dues division between locals and head offices are about the only barrier in the way of such fusion. The Automobile Workers Union now takes in agricultural implement and aircraft workers since all three industries are now dominated by the internal combustion engine.

Today, the building trades are about the only group left which stick to simon-pure craftism. The looming shadow of post-war prefabricated housing spells doom for even this sole reminder of the craftsman age.

Industrial unionism, because it is expanding into industries in which labor organization has never previously existed, has naturally run into stiff employer opposition. In the U.S., where violence is less frowned upon than in Canada, there have been frequent violent clashes between unions and employers, with police authorities, as might be expected, supporting the politically dominant faction. Because of their newness, industrial union memberships have chosen "fighting" leaders, although now these men are making way for more subdued and statesmanlike personalities. This turbulence has been an equal characteristic of both C.I.O. and A.F. of L. affiliated industrial unions and is unavoidably natural.

An "Expansion" Period

Here in Canada we are now, of course, going through the "expansion" period which the northern United States went through during 1937-1940. Unfortunately we are going through such a period concurrently with a war and without the benefit of sensible legislation. Our workingmen and women are eager to join hands to secure the undisputed benefits which collective bargaining brings them, and they naturally look to their fellow-workers already grouped together in C.I.O. and A.F. of L. industrial unions to assist them. Our employers are as resentful of the new union-independence of their workers as were northern U.S. employers. They are receiving comfort from southern U.S. managements who are going through a similar experience in that previously non-industrialized area.

Because Canadians instinctively abhor violence, our industrial disputes have been singularly devoid of bloodshed. Where violence has occurred it has usually been after the importation of large numbers of outside police whose presence naturally provokes hostility. Another possible danger point is the fact that industrial union expansion is naturally fastest within low-paid industries. This brings the workers not only up against employer hostility but also against present government resistance to increased pay levels. In the older unionized industries wages have already been boosted to fairly adequate levels and the wage question is therefore not so frequent a cause for friction.

Because they are a quite natural and perfectly healthy development, industrial unions will continue to grow. Keeping in step with capital, these groups will continue to merge into more and more centralized structures. The "fighting" philosophy of birth-pang days will fade, the die-hard opposition of employers will continue to fade. Slowly but certainly we will come to accept these newer groups as part of our society, just as we accept the Bar Associations, the Medical Association or the local retail merchants' society.

The entire development could take place with far less nervous tension if only our press would treat the issue with objectivity and accuracy. This would, in turn, produce a more intelligent public understanding and, eventually, a sensible code of industrial relations.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Today Death Itself Is In Retreat

BY DYSON CARTER

"*WOUNDED in action . . .*"

~~After that~~ fateful message the soldier's wife and mother live in anguished suspense: waiting, hoping, praying.

"*Died of wounds . . .*"

In the last war, that was the heartbreaking answer to the prayers of whole armies of women. That was how the crosses grew in Flanders Fields, and at Salonika, and in the Polish marshes. The wounded died in shocking numbers.

But today, over the writhing battlegrounds there moves a mighty Angel of Resurrection. She is the glorious conqueror of Man's fate. She has the power to refuse Eternity. She can turn away the shadow of Death. At this very moment she rises to confront regiments of dying men, and bars their way to the grave.

Of every thousand wounded soldiers who, in the Great War, would have perished, the Angel of Resurrection is today miraculously restoring more than eight hundred of these men to life and home.

This Angel has no wings. She did not come to earth on a shaft of light from heaven. She belongs to this world. You and I and the whole human race behind us created this Angel, whose name is Science, whose mass miracles are devised in human brains and surpass anything faith can imagine.

The present war, frightful though it seems, has given the lie to those corrupt pessimists who preached that knowledge would ultimately lead us to destruction. Such pessimism reached its highest form in fascist thinking, the "ideas" of total stupid brutality preparing for the final struggle against freedom and truth. We know who will win the struggle now.

And now we also know that science has produced not one super weapon, not a single fantastic bomb or ray or poison gas that can wipe out whole nations. It was not science that threatened to destroy our civilization, but the bestial haters of science and truth, the exploiters of humanity who organized themselves to plunder the whole earth and rule us by brainless symbols and fear.

Now there is something more we should know. It is this: just a few of the modern, familiar advances of science, applied to war medicine, are saving such numbers of human lives that we can see the shape of the greatest miracle of all time. We are fighting the forces of evil at lower cost in human lives than anyone would have dared to predict.

First of the saviours is the airplane. In Africa and Sicily and Russia hundreds of thousands of wounded have been speeded to hospitals by the same huge transport planes that brought war supplies up to the front. The wings that were portrayed as ferocious killers turn out to be mercy carriers too, showing us what the conquest of space and time can mean when peace is won.

But those who give their blood to the Red Cross are the sensational miracle-workers of this war. Plasma is literally bringing the dead back to life. The terrible explosives now in use kill by shock and bleeding, yet their lethal power is blocked by spoonfuls of powder dissolved in water and injected into patients who only a few years ago would have been abandoned to the last sleep. Millions have given human blood to make this plasma that was developed by science. We have become blood brothers of the dead . . . but the dead have risen and we shall welcome them home again.

New surgical developments and the sulfa drugs come next as lifesavers. For example, the abdominal wounds so dreaded in 1914-18, although far more frequent today, are being successfully healed with the help of the "Levine tube." This simple device passes through the nose down into the stomach, and by suction prevents distention, greatly speeds the repairing process.

ONE of the war's great basic medical advances has been made with the new drug penicillin. Two years ago this reporter first made public full details of the discovery and revolutionary nature of this chemical. The information came directly from Oxford University. At that time several authorities scorned the story of penicillin as sheer nonsense. Eventually facts broke through prejudice, and the race to produce penicillin in quantity became a joint British-American war research task. The huge staffs of chemists, biologists and doctors assigned to this problem have now justified their labors, for penicillin is being hailed as another miracle for the wounded, and as the beginning of a new era in fighting disease.

It is quite a beginning. Penicillin is so powerful and so safe a drug that superlatives fail to describe it. Produced by a common species of mold (penicillium Notatum), from which it can be extracted in microscopically small amounts, penicillin is effective against disease germs even when diluted many thousands of times. It has cured the "incurable" cases of osteomyelitis brought home from Pearl Harbor. The Committee on Medical Research of the Office of Scientific Research and Development has just released its preliminary report, revealing that penicillin is "superior to any of the sulfas" and "extremely effective" in treating staphylococcus and streptococcus infections, oseteomyelitis, cullulitis, pneumonia, empyema, infected wounds, carbuncles, burns, many other conditions . . . and gonorrhea.

Recently a group of Rochester doctors tried the new drug on gonorrhea patients who were completely resistant to sulfa drug treatment. Between 17 and 48 hours after penicillin therapy was begun, the patients showed negative tests! Actually, penicillin can kill gonorrhea germs in two to four hours. Yet the stuff is so mild that it can be dropped into the ulcerated eye of a baby without causing any pain.

SCIENTISTS in public are traditionally conservative. Only a few weeks ago the Committee on Medical Research of the O.S.R.D. warned that in spite of sixteen major drug companies turning out penicillin at top capacity, the process was so laborious that there was no prospect of any being released to civilians. Now Prof. C. E. Clifton, bacteriologist at Stanford University, has announced a new and comparatively high speed production method. Instead of growing the mold in batches of little flasks, Clifton uses an old vinegar system. He plants the mold spores on wood shavings contained in vertical glass columns and soaked with nutrient solution of glucose and yeast extract. When the mold is well developed, more solution is trickled through the shavings. What comes out the bottom contains the superpowerful penicillin. This is extracted by standard procedure. So we may have the drug in hospitals sooner than expected.

What is penicillin? No one knows, except that like sulfa drugs it is related to dyes in a molecular way. And after penicillin, what?

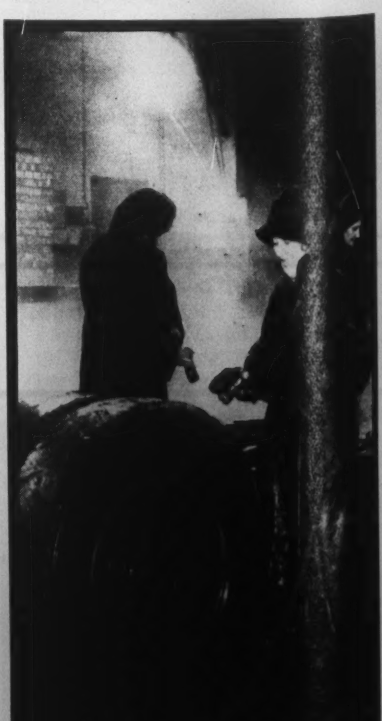
Probably penatin. Dr. Walter Kocholaty of Pennsylvania reports it. It is found in the same mold as penicillin. But it is super-super powerful. Weakened ten million times, penatin kills the germs of diphtheria, anthrax, undulant fever, pneumonia, typhoid. It kills germs not touched by any other known agent. It works well in dilutions beyond four hundred million!

Penicillin and penatin are not simply "better sulfa drugs." They are new weapons against death, which make necessary a revision of our theories about disease. When they can be made synthetically disease may be utterly vanquished. Still, let us be satisfied just now with a prediction nearer to home. Penicillin will see to it that after this war none of our boys will die slowly and horribly, agonized by chronic infected wounds. It won't happen. Science is mercifully ending these miseries. And not by the fascist method of "euthanasia" but by restoring the victims to health.

DEATH at sea has frightened men since time immemorial. In the last four years we have heard many harrowing stories of survival on rafts and spars. Meanwhile laboratories have been working round the clock to develop ways and means of keeping the shipwrecked alive. Recently Gifford Pinchot — colorful former governor of Pennsylvania and long head of the U.S. Forest Service —scored with a discovery so brilliantly simple that it is almost a joke on scientists.

Pinchot told experts an incredible thing. He claimed that a man could stay alive in an open boat, without a drop of water, simply by chewing raw fish. The U.S. Navy Bureau of Medicine and Canadian naval authorities had been testing complex devices for making sea water fresh, the prime problem of keeping alive at sea. Their physiologists thought Pinchot was balmy. Finally Dr. Homer W. Smith of New York University was induced to carry out tests. Results proved that Pinchot was right. There is a juice in raw salt water fish—pinkish, sweet and not bad smelling. This juice you can extract either by crushing fish or by chewing and then spitting out the solid meat. Fish juice (minus the meat) takes the place of fresh water. It will keep you alive indefinitely, so far as the doctors can determine. Apparently Pinchot's discovery would have saved innumerable lives down the ages, but no one before him seems to have hit upon this elementary method of defeating thirst's ghastly torture.

In the headlines we follow the last retreat of fascism towards oblivion. In every battle and behind the fronts science is relentlessly driving back Death itself.



Wearing sou'westers and using powerful steam jets, women clean the buses which ply London's streets. It's estimated that they remove as much as 3,000 tons of mud in a year.

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Tying knots is a sailor specialty. When you're tied in knots, there's pleasant relaxation in a refreshing pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola.

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Uganda Wins Out

BY ROY McWILLIAM

This is jubilee year in the cotton protectorate that Britain nearly abandoned half a century ago. Today it is one of the great producers in the Empire, and looks back on years of peace between the European and native interests. As the writer points out, in many ways it has been a model protectorate.

UGANDA, the great territory in East Africa lying between Lake Victoria and Lake Albert, this year celebrates its jubilee as a Protectorate in the British Empire. Just fifty years ago, after a very stormy period in the history of the territory, the British government on the recommendation of Sir Gerald Portal, decided to reverse its policy of abandoning Uganda and decided to make it a Protectorate. It is a decision that neither Britain nor the native inhabitants of the area can have had reason to regret. Uganda to-day is one of the great cotton growing areas of the Empire. But there has never been the clash between the European and native interests that has occurred in other tropical countries. The native administration of the various states within the territory enjoy a great measure of self-government.

How much Uganda feels itself a part of the Empire has been demonstrated in the present war as in the last. The King's African Rifles have done brilliant work, notably in Abyssinia. In the Great War the 10,000 soldiers and 160,000 carriers who enlisted on the advice of their native rulers played a big part in the defeat of the Germans in East Africa. In this war, as in the last, large numbers of medical personnel, trained in the country, have enlisted.

First White Man in 1862

The population of Uganda is about 3¾ millions of whom all but 19,000 are natives. The 19,000 consist of some 17,000 Asiatics and about 2,000 Europeans. The cotton industry, by far the most important, is entirely in native hands, although the government supplies seed and assists greatly with research and marketing. Coffee, grown on European-owned plantations is the next most important export. The rubber grown is comparatively small in amount but now vital. Formerly "wild" rubber was collected in the Protectorate. Tobacco, maize, hides, ivory—all the products of a tropical country are exported and now make an important contribution to the Middle East Supply Centre. But three-quarters of the cultivated land, or some 2½ million acres is devoted to growing food largely consumed by the native population.

Mention of Buganda, one of the provinces, is a reminder that this is really the name of the whole territory. Uganda came to be used owing to the Swahilis with the first explorers being unable to pronounce Bu. Buganda was a Bantu kingdom and it is difficult now to realise that it is less than one hundred years since a soldier who had deserted in Zanzibar entered Buganda and told its ruler that in the outside world there were white men. Twelve years later, in 1862, the first white man entered the territory. He was J. H. Speke and was received with friendliness. Thirteen years later Stanley visited the king and received an invitation to send missionaries, the first of whom arrived in 1877.

For the next thirty years, Uganda was torn by strife due to the rivalry of the missionaries of two branches of Christianity, of Islam preached by Arab traders from the coast and of the native chiefs and king who feared interference and suspected that missionaries were being used for political ends. The period was marked by terrible massacres and astonishing international intrigue. Even the agreement between Germany and Britain in 1890 that Uganda came within the British sphere of influence did not end the troubles. Two men "made" Uganda before it became a protectorate — Captain (afterwards Lord) Lugard and Captain W. H. Williams.

They not only performed miracles internally but, when it was announced that the military were to be withdrawn, fought desperately to get the country taken under British protection and eventually succeeded. The Protectorate did not end the internal strife, but at the turn of the century the land was pacified under the special commissioner, Sir Harry Johnston. Since then it has made rapid and almost continuous progress, becoming self-supporting in 1915.

A great feature of the development of the country has been the construction of railways, enabling the cotton crop upon which so much depends to be taken easily to the sea. The railway from the Indian Ocean to Lake Victoria was constructed in the face of great difficulties, some of which can be read in "The Man Eaters of Tsavo," perhaps the most thrilling account of encounters with man-eating lions ever written. The lions claimed many victims, but like the other hazards of the virgin country were eventually overcome. The railway now goes direct to Mombasa and improvements, linking the whole system of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, continue.

Cotton a Missionary Crop

Cotton is the life of Uganda. When the crop is good and the price reasonable, the prosperity is great. It is interesting to recall that it is not native, but was introduced by a missionary from Britain. He took out 62 bags of cotton seed and taught the natives to cultivate it. The first exports in 1904-5 were valued at only about £250. Twenty years later, the cotton export was valued at nearly £3½ million.

In many ways Uganda has been a model of a native protectorate. The policy has been to interfere as little as necessary with tribal rights and customs, except where the latter were barbarous and cruel. A very great number of the population are Christians and the missionaries built up a good system of education which has in the last 18 years been amplified by the government. The educational system can take a native boy right through from his village school to college.

Uganda contains the headwaters of the Nile. The fact that only fifty years ago the British government were reluctant to take the responsibility for it is a comment on the "accidental" fashion in which the British Empire was built.

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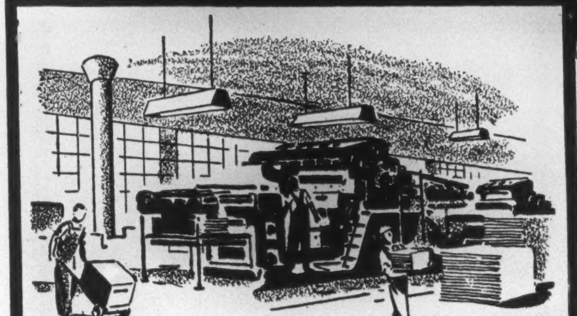

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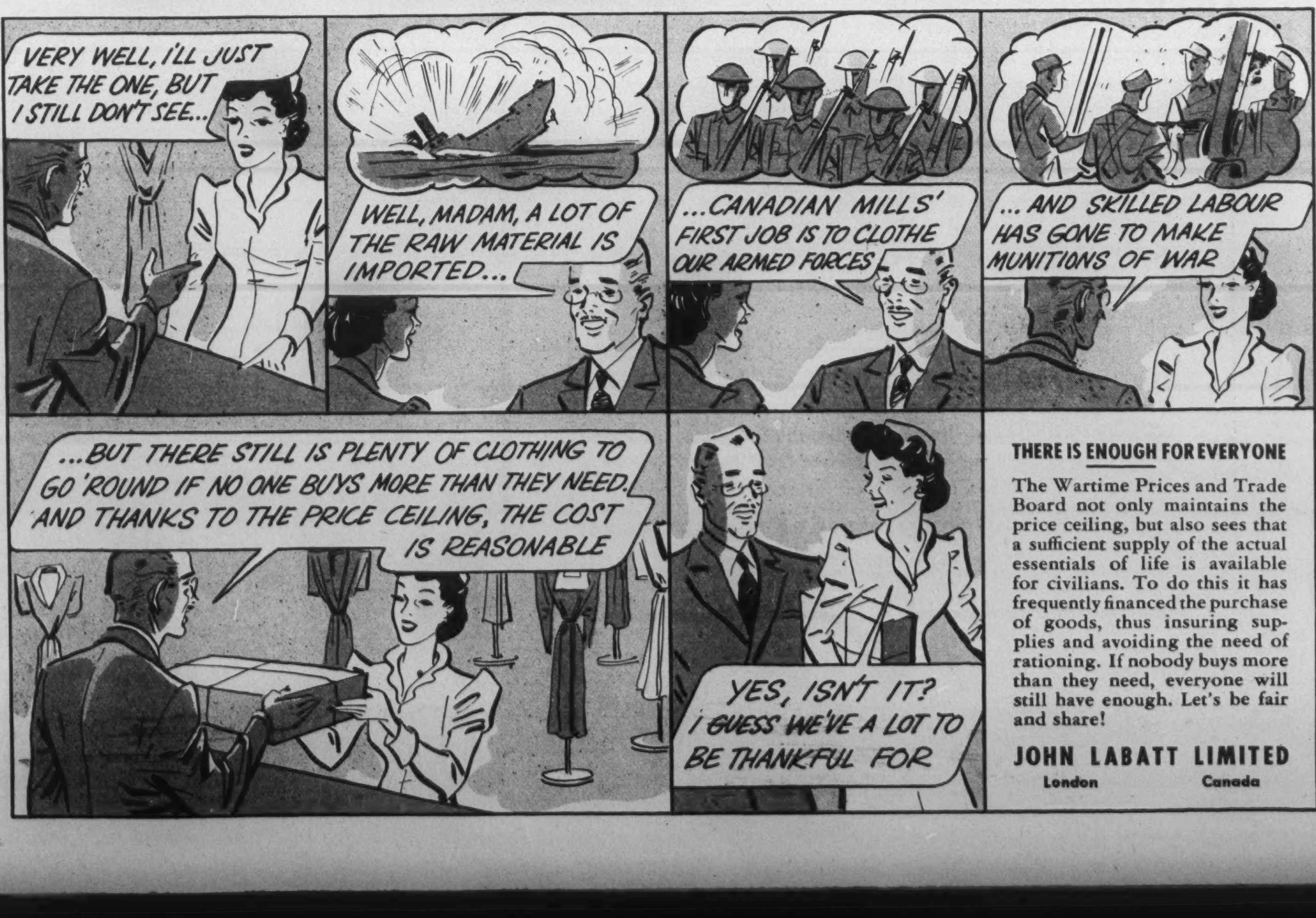
VERY WELL, I'LL JUST TAKE THE ONE, BUT I STILL DON'T SEE...
WELL, MADAM, A LOT OF THE RAW MATERIAL IS IMPORTED...
...CANADIAN MILLS' FIRST JOB IS TO CLOTHE OUR ARMED FORCES
...AND SKILLED LABOUR HAS GONE TO MAKE MUNITIONS OF WAR
...BUT THERE STILL IS PLENTY OF CLOTHING TO GO 'ROUND IF NO ONE BUYS MORE THAN THEY NEED. AND THANKS TO THE PRICE CEILING, THE COST IS REASONABLE
YES, ISN'T IT? I GUESS WE'VE A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR

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THE HITLER WAR

Is Our Diplomacy Equal to Events?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE war is rolling, at ever-increasing tempo, towards its climax. Sometimes the pace slows for a while, then some new event precipitates a new rush in the development. We cannot see everything that is happening, nor always link up widely separated occurrences into the broad pattern. But it is clear that all of Germany's military plans for this year have been smashed; and there never was any doubt but that the fall of one Axis dictator and his whole fascist regime would seriously undermine the position of the other.

Let us review again briefly what Germany hoped to achieve in the military plane this year. She hoped with her sharp, highly-concentrated Kursk offensive to upset the very Soviet drive which is now caving in her over-extended eastern front. She would hold us away from her soft southern flank—war-weary Italy and the turbulent Balkans—throughout the summer by strong stands in Tunisia and Crete.

An enormous concentration of anti-aircraft defence with a shift in production emphasis from bombers to fighters was to protect German cities from our air attack. And while an unprecedented U-boat effort weakened our general preparations for a second front, such attempts as we made, under Soviet pressure, would be smashed by German counter-attacks. These failures, and our general inability to relieve Russia of the burden of the land war, would be exploited with all the ingenuity and resources of Nazi propaganda to divide us from the Soviets and secure a sawed-off peace. It is possible that the Germans also hoped to persuade Japan to attack Russia this year.

With every single item of this 1943 program (which only proves once again how incurably the Germans are addicted to under-estimating their opponents) dashed to failure by midsummer, with Hitler's partner Mussolini gone, and the much-vaunted Hitlerian structure, the "Axis of Steel", dissolved, it would not be surprising if the Nazi dictator's prestige had been so undermined as to make his deposition in favor of a military oligarchy feasible at last.

This development has been predicted from the very beginning of the war. Yet if it has actually taken place, as reported last weekend, it would be nevertheless the greatest event of the war to date. That it should follow so closely on the deposition of Mussolini makes one wonder if the German military had not connived at the latter, in order to give the decisive blow to Hitler's position. This presumes that they conceded that Italy was practically finished anyhow.

Badoglio's Position

The more one considers this possibility, and links it with Badoglio's procedure since assuming power, the more plausible does it seem that he has actually been working in agreement with the German High Command. The Axis, creation of the Nazi and Fascist parties, has gone, but may have been superseded by an alliance between the military and conservative classes of the two countries, trying to stick together and avert social revolution long enough to secure more favorable terms than we would ever have given governments headed by Hitler and Mussolini.

This would be a better explanation for Badoglio's stalling than any concern of his to redeem Italy's "honor" by fighting on a little longer to give Germany time to rearrange her defences in Southern Europe.

They believe we will deal with them to avert violent revolution, with the possibility of Communist domination of Europe. And they are quite understandably encouraged in this belief by the long American recognition of Vichy, the deal with Darlan and slighting of de Gaulle, the friendly tolerance of Franco, and brief flirtation with "Otto of Austria"; together with Churchill's assertion when he declared his support of Russia on June 22, 1941, that he had not changed his ideas about Communism; and the activity and influence of the Vatican.

It is important to see what they hope to achieve by this maneuver. They hope to get out of a lost war without the fabric of their nations completely torn to pieces, and *to drive a wedge between ourselves and Russia which would allow them, by playing one against the other, to gradually wiggle out of their position as losers, as Germany did after the last war.*

Relations With Russia

One cannot be entirely happy about our relations with Russia. Old suspicions dating from the Allied Intervention of 1919, from Munich, and from the Soviet pact with Hitler in 1939; the above-mentioned dealings with conservative and reactionary forces in Europe; and our failure even today to open a large-scale land front on the continent, have prevented the development of really confidential relations.

The latest proofs of this are the unilateral expression of policy towards Germany by the Soviets in their "Free German Manifesto", noted in these columns a fortnight ago, and the blunt dissatisfaction expressed only last week by *Pravda* with a "second front" which occupies only three German divisions in Sicily.

The Soviets, supremely sensitive to power politics, are winning again, and are talking more boldly, just as they did during their great winter victory, when Stalin said the Red Army was bearing the "whole brunt" of the war, and threw a monkey wrench into Allied unity by breaking with Poland and setting up a Soviet-sponsored Polish Committee and Polish Army.

It is, of course, not at all a fair comparison of our effort with that of Russia to say that we are fighting 3 German divisions whilst they fight 200. Our air power saved them before Germany ever attacked, by winning the Battle of Britain. And our mighty bombing attacks on Germany are quite as much and perhaps even more immediately responsible for the present German military and political crisis than the wonderful efforts of the Red Army.

We have carried through, and won, a mighty campaign against the U-boats, which the land-bound Russians seem incapable of comprehending, but should appreciate in face of the uninterrupted flow of indispensable munitions and supplies which we have thereby been able to pour

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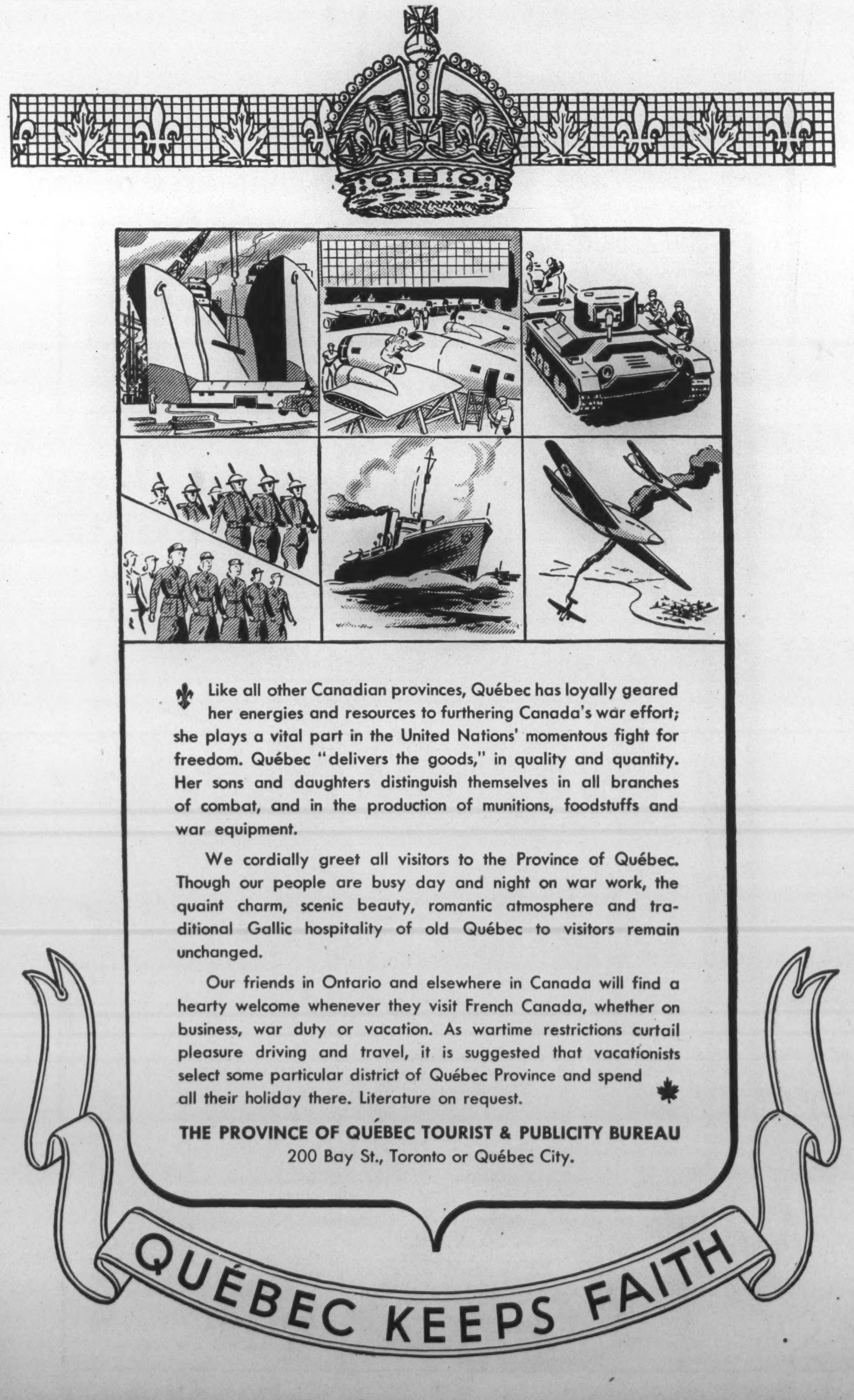

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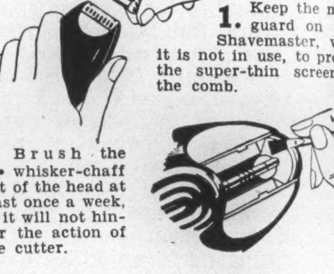

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in to them. And our campaign in Sicily is not to be measured by the number of German divisions which it has engaged, or (as they must think) the insignificant casualties which we have suffered. Coupled with our bombing of Italy, and particularly of Rome, it has brought down Mussolini, and may have brought down Hitler.

I think that, most of all, their dissatisfaction and resentment in comparing their war effort with ours is based on the relative casualty figures. They feel that while they bear an enormous blood-letting, we prepare our "little" campaigns with exaggerated thoroughness, taking our time to accumulate overwhelming force, and massing machine power so as to insure minimum loss of life. All this makes them wonder, as the most able correspondents in Moscow have honestly reported, "whether we are really anxious to win the war as quickly as possible."

It is not far for them, in their ordeal (of which I believe we still have little comprehension, with millions upon millions of their best young men fallen, about 40 percent of their population suffering gradual extermination under German occupation, and the remainder of the nation struggling on in hunger and cold, with the country's best food and fuel areas lost) to go on to the dark suspicion that we don't mind at all seeing the Soviet Colossus severely weakened.

Facing Facts

I suppose that paragraph after paragraph of this article could be lifted out to prove that I am sowing dissension between the United Nations. But, by Heavens, we had better realize the true state of affairs, and not go off into any emotional drunk about our fast-approaching military victory. This, as we should know, can be rendered utterly sterile if our statesmanship cannot produce a political victory to accompany and consummate it.

Before we leave the question of our military efforts, however, I would like to develop the question of whether they are too deliberate, too small, and lacking in boldness. After all, landing against the French in North Africa cannot be considered a bold or dangerous act, and our exaggeration of the resistance to be expected cost us a quick seizure of Tunis and Bizerte.

We then won a most worthwhile victory over the forces the Germans threw into Tunisia. But did we proceed vigorously enough against Italy, when she was shaken by the Tunisian defeat? Have we been bold enough in our present Sicilian campaign? Couldn't we have leapfrogged the Axis forces there, condemned to defeat two weeks ago, and landed on either side of the toe of Italy?

I personally think that a far bolder stroke, such as a landing on the beaches in front of Rome, might have produced great results. Is there to be no place for boldness in our military strategy? Are we going to play absolutely sure with all our moves, taking our time, massing our overwhelming machine power? We have the naval and air power to do almost anything we wish in the Mediterranean, and a production which makes these expendable.

It is gratifying to have things planned so well, and bring so much mechanized power to bear, that we can show such casualty lists as 501 Americans killed, out of a whole army, in the first two weeks in Sicily. But hard as it is for anyone sitting at a desk to say this, it must be recognized that there can be other considerations than assuring a minimum of casualties.

While we take our time, the Russians press their war at immense human cost, feel that they are buying the victory with their blood, and cool towards us, threatening that indispensable Anglo-American-Soviet co-operation which alone can insure a prolonged peace. And while we count our losses in hundreds and thousands the conquered people of Europe will starve by the million if we don't win before winter.

Surely, all these suffering allies are thinking, at the end of four years of mobilization two great world powers such as the British Commonwealth and the United States, could stage a greater offensive than that in Sicily. Surely there is a place in our military operations for the spirit of St. Nazaire, and in the present stage of the war and deterioration in enemy morale, such boldness might achieve big things. Surely the armies long accumulated in the Middle East should be fighting by now.

Landing Across Channel

I think that we are even nearing the point where we can think again about the feasibility of a landing directly across the Channel, say right back at Dunkirk, where we left the continent over 3 years ago. With her alliance crumbling; her armies being forced back inexorably in Russia, where they have always before held mastery in summer; with home front morale already severely weakened by overwork, terrible casualties, failing belief in victory, and the pounding of our bombs, and now shaken anew by rumors of Hitler's fall from supreme power; I think that it is quite possible that a landing on the Flanders coast, supported by our whole immense air power and following hard on a great blitz of Berlin, might crack Germany wide open.

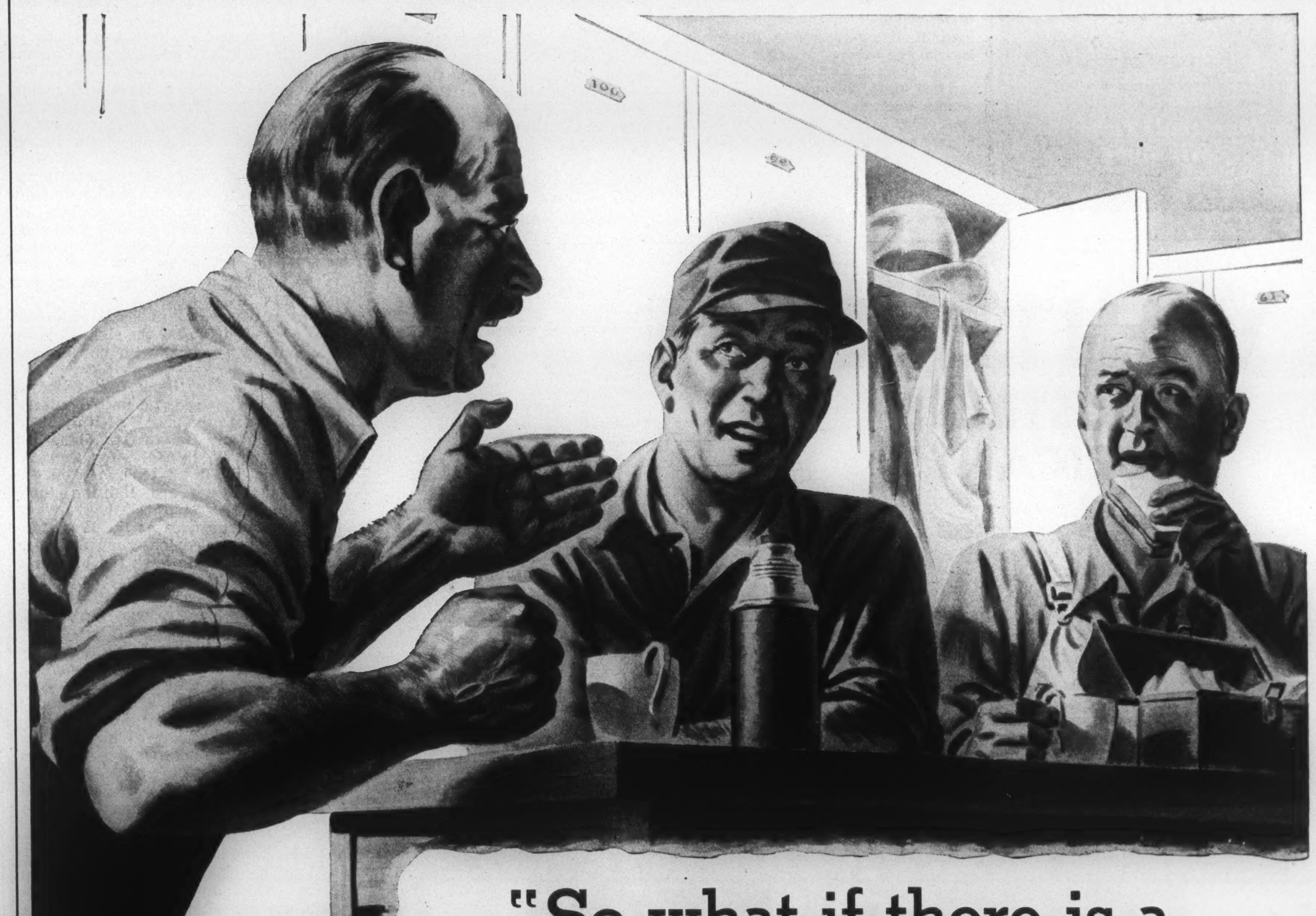
The Berlin blitz is coming—for Air Chief Marshal Harris has never lacked bold perception, or the readiness to accept casualties in order to achieve an object which he believed would shorten the war. Already, I believe, he has established himself as one of the most brilliant leaders of the war. He will do his part. The Battle of Berlin will be carried through, perhaps at heavy cost, and will shake the Germans terribly.

But will it be backed up by clever and able political warfare, and exploited by bold military action? Or will we muff our great opportunity for ending the war this year?

On the basis of our performance with the French and the Italians, the political outlook is not very bright. It seems that we are about to retreat at last from our entirely untenable position that only the French, among our allies, are not entitled to have a provisional government or be allowed to manage their own affairs.

Why on earth we should not want the French, with their logic and their military experience, in our military councils, and why we should seek to bar them from full part in the settlement with Italy, which they must eventually have a large share in enforcing, is beyond my understanding. Further, to keep Russia out of French and Italian affairs is a curious and highly dangerous game.

While victory fever rises among our people, few realize how illusory this victory will prove to be unless we see a very sudden improvement in our diplomacy. It is sincerely to be hoped that the report of a two-weeks-long conference between Anglo-American-Soviet authorities will prove to be well-founded and will produce a far-reaching declaration of united policy towards Italy and Germany, if not for the settlement of Europe.



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For another example, there is no suitable substitute for brass and copper in ammunition. In short, copper, today, is a *most essential* metal.

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WEEK IN RADIO

Radio's Tone About the War News

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

IT CAN be said without revealing confidences that the new tone of CBC war news is due to the good judgment of the program supervisor of the CBC, Ernest L. Bushnell. You will remember that at Dieppe some youthful CBC commentators went off the deep end in their enthusiasm, and were chastised by many older Canadians, including Bishop Wells, the senior Protestant Chaplain. Just before the current push in Sicily, Mr. Bushnell issued directives to his staff which said, in part:

"At a time when our Canadian boys will be taking great risks, risks that no one would dare minimize, it will be an obligation upon every person who is concerned in any way with what goes on the air here in Canada, to be continuously sensitive and alert for anything that under the circumstances may be in bad taste, or which might wound the feelings of listeners whose minds and hearts are overseas. That does not mean that we should strike any sombre note in our programming; people will need what solace radio can give, in the way of entertainment and good cheer, more perhaps than at any other time.

"The things that we must be alert for, are such matters as these: a song or piece of music or variety program whose title or presentation, or content, would be amusing under ordinary circumstances, but might sound cheap and callous at another time. Or we must guard against expressions of sympathy which, though given in all honesty of purpose, might sound a false note because of our remoteness from the lives and backgrounds of those who have suffered a loss. I do not think we should ever try to express direct sympathy in radio programs."

ONE of the more interesting broadcasts of recent days was given by Carlo Lamberti, over the CBC. Mr. Lamberti is the president of the Mazzini Society, of Toronto. Here is the first and last paragraph of his broadcast:

"I am an Italian! There was a time when I was very proud to make that statement. That was before Mussolini came to power! Today I am proud once more of my Italian heritage! I am proud of those Italians who are thronging the streets of Milan, because they are aroused to fury by the crimes of the fascists. I am happy because many Italians in Sicily did not fire their guns at the British, American and Canadian soldiers. There are men and women in my country today who are helping Italy to find her soul. They are returning to human and Christian principles which are part of the Italian heritage. Liberty, justice and civil progress are returning to Italy.

"We Italians who live in Canada love dearly our adopted country. We love its fields and lakes and mountains. The peninsula of Niagara reminds some of us of the vinelands of Sicily. The Rocky Mountains bring back memories of our Italian Alps. The water that laps your Atlantic and Pacific coasts is similar to that which beats on the shorelines of Italy. But we love Canada for itself, and for the way in which it differs from our homeland. We love it for the freedom we have enjoyed, for the food and clothing and education which our children have received. We love Canada for the right to vote, which we received with our citizenship.

"We humbly thank God that we have been spared the untold misery meted out to the people of Italy. The sons of many Italian Canadians are fighting now, in Italy, for Canada. They do not dwell too much on the fact that they are fighting their cousins—their own relatives. They look on themselves as the liberators of their own people. They feel that they are bringing back the blessings of democracy to Italy. And they have been welcomed as liberators! The Italian people, who have slept the sleep of the dead for twenty-one years, are waking up! They are refusing to fight the sons of democracy, because they know that true democracy transcends all race—all color—all creed, and loses all differences in that great truth — the brotherhood of man. May God give our boys strength to strike and strike hard so that all men may go forward to blessings so great as to be yet scarcely dreamed!"

I LIKE the story that is told of Toscanini who was conducting the NBC symphony in a war bond program when the news came in that Mussolini had resigned.

The great Italian conductor who left his homeland because of his hatred of Fascism heard the news from the NBC newsroom via the loudspeakers in Radio City's studio as he stood in the wings about to make his second entrance of the concert.

The maestro seemed overwhelmed with emotion. He seemed shaken, and Samuel Chotzinoff, manager of the NBC music division and Albert Walker, assistant manager of NBC guest relations, rushed to his side.

"You must go out there," Chotzinoff whispered into Toscanini's ear. "They're waiting to hear Verdi. Play it like it was never played before."

Toscanini braced himself and stepped out into the thunderous applause and cheers from the audience consisting chiefly of men in the United States armed services. The cheers were both for the news announcement and for the man who, in terms of music, had constantly battled against Fascism and, at the very moment of the announcement of Mussolini's resignation, was conducting a war bond concert for the nation that had helped so materially in ridding his homeland of its dictator. Later, in his dressing room, Toscanini was not reluctant to let the world know he was "happy."

CANADIANS will be happy to learn that their own Judith Evelyn will star in a five-a-week show "Judith Evelyn Reads". First show was August 2, when Miss Evelyn read portions of A. J. Cronin's novel, "The Citadel". She replaced Madeleine Carroll, who went on a holiday.

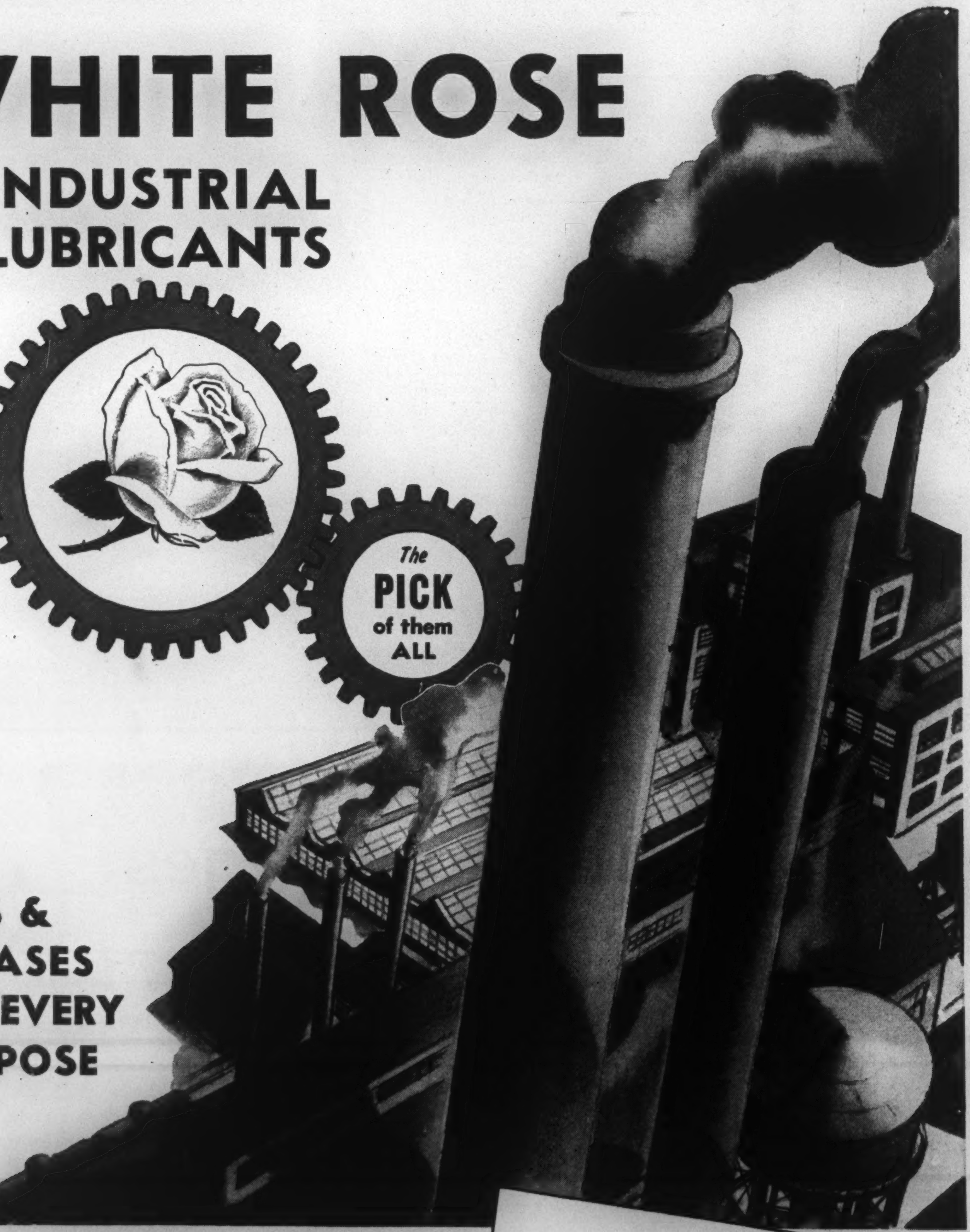
Judith Evelyn was born in South Dakota on March 20, 1913. Her family moved to Saskatchewan when she was a year old. She was educated in Canadian schools and earned B.A. and M.A. degrees at the University of Manitoba. After studying to be a teacher, she joined a Canadian dramatic troupe for ten months following her graduation, and later spent two years at the Pasadena Playhouse in California, and two years at Toronto's Hart House.

In Canada she won the Lady Tweedsmuir Award for her performance in "Magnanimous Lover". In 1942 she won the New York Drama League's award for her portrayal of *Mrs. Manningham* in "Angel Street".

THE other night in a home of a friend we listened to one of Dyson Carter's radio programs on the Soviet Union. It was well written. The music was good. But to attempt dramatic episodes, and choral singing, as well as narration in a 15-minute program is not only daring . . . it's very difficult. Either it should have been a half-hour program, or the dramatic episodes should have been dropped. As it was, it was a bit of a hodge-podge. I asked the program director why the first of this new series concerned Russia, and not China or Greece or even Britain. The answer was that survey polls have revealed that the people of Canada are more interested in the happenings of the Soviet Union than in any other country. Well!

WHITE ROSE

INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS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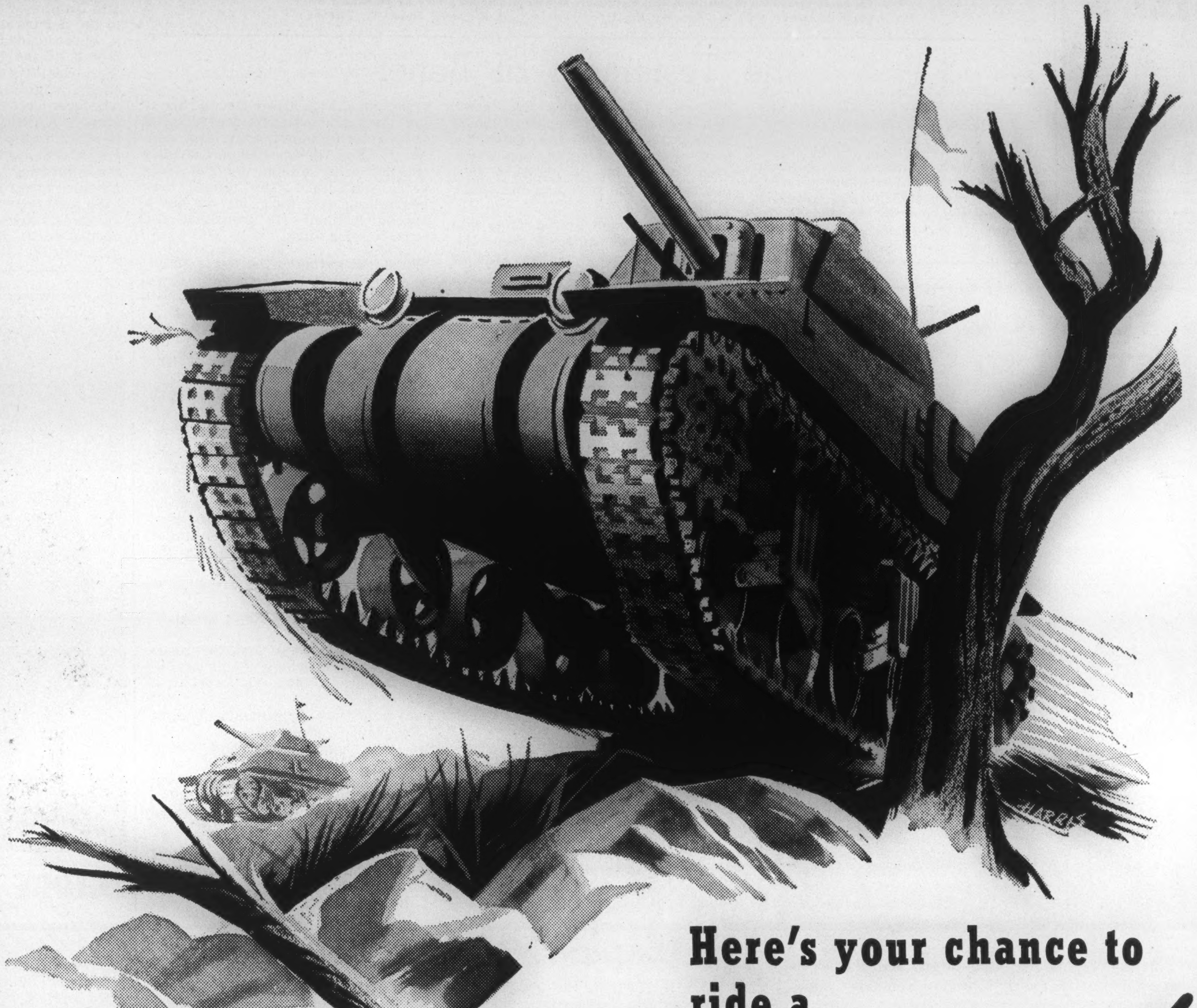

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Are you 18? Well lad, here's a swell chance for you to drive a rough-riding rip-snorting tank. Canada needs men of your age to blast the Axis off the map — you will not be sent on combat duty — until you have reached the age of 19.

For a full year you will enjoy all the adventures of army life — you will be put through a hardening, toughening-up process to prepare you for overseas service — in the meantime the army will provide you with good food, your medical and dental care and you will also receive full army pay and regular dependents' allowances.

Both your Mother and Dad will be proud to know that their son is guiding a giant tank — Canada needs you now — how about it boys?

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LISTEN, TOM, IN WARTIME
YOU'VE JUST GOT TO KEEP UP!

TOM: That's what you say. Seems like long hours, irregular sleep and catch-as-catch-can meals just tie me up in knots. You don't know how constipation slows me down.

BOB: Look, pal, I've been through that, too. Why don't you do what I did—try getting at the cause of your trouble? If you've got the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in your diet, try my system—eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly.

TOM: Say, you mean that's a better way than having to dose myself all the time with laxatives that give only temporary relief?

BOB: Man, you took the words right out of my mouth. ALL-BRAN tastes swell and works wonders. Eat it every day—drink plenty of water—and then see what it will do for you!

NUTRITIVE, ALSO—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is more than a source of needed "bulk". It contains valuable carbohydrates, proteins and minerals. Eat ALL-BRAN daily—either as a cereal or in delicious hot muffins.

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Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient-size packages. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto

The Testament of Benét

WESTERN STAR by Stephen Vincent Benét. (Oxford, $2.50.)

A NARRATIVE poem telling a full tale with reticence and passion and yet wrought cunningly with noble rhythms and musical words is the one red ear in an inordinate amount of corn-husking. Once before in our time it was found, in *John Brown's Body,* a work that lifted high the name of Stephen Vincent Benét. Now, when the author is dead, still in his youth, comes another, confirming the world's first judgment of the man and the range of his art.

He had planned an Odyssey, taking the tale of America from the first wild rumors in the London coffee-houses to the winning of the last frontier; perhaps even to the highway driven to Alaska. Only the first book was finished. Here it is through the first years to the settlement of Rhode Island; the Virginia disappointments and deaths, the Mayflower pilgrims, their abounding miseries and their more-abounding faith.

"Let us count them now, the beginnings of New England.
There were thirty-eight grown men,
From Brewster and Carver, both of them in their fifties,
To young John Alden and the other bachelors,
Eighteen married women, three of them with child,
Twenty boys, eleven girls. . . .
Nine servants, five men hired for various tasks,
Including two sailors who would stay but a year,
A spaniel dog and a great mastiff bitch.
And that is the roll. You could write the whole roll down
On a single sheet of paper, yes, even the dogs.
—And when you have written them down, you write New England."

It reads like prose, even like statistics, until you come to the wonder of the last line; so tall and broad an oak from so small an acorn!

One by one each personage is traced from the reek of London or from the fair fields of Devon; his or her loves and passions are recorded with a deep understanding and sympathy. For Dickon Heron, the little cockney who loitered by the river bank and heard "the tanned men quarrelling over their lies" he has a special feeling. He translates the boy's wonder thus:

"They had gathered the fruits of the Isles of Spice,
They had drunk snow-water in Muskovy.
Now they warmed their buttocks and called for dice,
And even ashore they were still the sea,
And their sea-boots clattered through Dickon's head
Long after his body was safe in bed."

Stately pentameters in blank verse are varied by little songs, by at least one ballad in the Border vein, by prosy catalogues, still with the great Idea dominating them, until the poet feels like apologizing: "If this song is
Crooked as rivers, rough as the mountain range,
And many-tongued and a wanderer to the end,
It must be so, for it follows the giant land,
It follows the ways and the roads and the wanderings,
Not one man's fate. O, forest of a land
With your broad continents of night and day,
Sea of a land, endless and asking land,
How may we begin to know you with any song,
How may we say one word and utter your name?"

This is a *book;* one of the noblest and most thrilling of books, a true red-ear in the multitudinous harvest of the time.

Exploits of Ace Beurling

MALTA SPITFIRE, the story of a Fighter-Pilot, by Leslie Roberts. (Oxford, $2.50.)

MALTA, which sat in the crater of war's volcano for months and won the George Cross, gave Pilot Officer George F. Beurling his great chance. From boyhood he had been driving himself towards a career. He wanted to fly, somewhere, anywhere, and spent every ten dollars he could earn in taking flying lessons in the old civilian air-port at Cartierville.

He learned, in time, and the world blew-up into war. Surely here was his chance. But the R.C.A.F. wouldn't take him; he had never been to High School. Perhaps China would. Without funds he crossed the Continent intent on getting ship for the Orient. But he entered the United States illegally, was detained at Seattle and returned to Canada.

He went to England as a deck-hand on a munitions ship feeling sure that the R.A.F. would need him. But he had no birth-certificate which barred him out. Back he came to Canada on the same ship, got his "papers" and sailed again. This time he was welcomed, for he had a record of 150 hours in the air.

But civilian experience didn't count. He had to be trained, from the ground up and he found out that men in the Army had to obey orders—or else. To impose discipline on a youth who had always been a lone maverick must have been a considerable task. But the officers stuck at the job and in due time they succeeded. They made him a proper Air-Force man. Meantime he made himself, by mastering the theory of flight and navigation, and awaited his chance to test his knowledge against the Germans. From England he flew over France in a Spitfire squadron, and with considerable success.

Early in June 1942 he was ordered to Malta. On October 14th he was shot down, wounded. In a little over three months, and in fourteen flying days, he had shot down 27 enemy machines and damaged eight others, had won the D.S.O., the D.F.C. and the D.F.M. with bar.

Such a record was surely a story, and Leslie Roberts has written it, after long conversation and note-taking, as if Buerling himself were talking. Naturally it is vivid—the boy's friends say too vivid, since his normal talk is not so picturesque—but whether or not, it's a good story. Its main fault seems rather a monotony of action. But it tells the tale of the siege of Malta which is a saga of defiance and gallantry.

Raw Times in Raw Nevada

THE HUMBOLDT, Highroad of the West, by Dale L. Morgan. (Rivers of America Series, Oxford, $3.00.)

BETWEEN Salt Lake City and Virginia City, Nevada, a river winds over the desert, goes nowhere in particular and finally ends in a sink-hole. The water is so strongly alkaline that it is no comfort to man or beast; its banks are treeless, and in general it deserves Horace Greeley's denunciation as "the meanest river, of its length, on earth."

But history was made beside this stream, for it lay along the overland route to California. The mile upon mile of desert took a dreadful toll of all travellers. An expedition of 1846 lost forty-seven men out of eighty-seven. In the great trek to the gold-fields a few years later, 25,000 strong, at least 5,000 died, some of thirst, some by the raids of hostile Indians, some in wayside quarrels. Even tales of cannibalism are in the record.

Two decades later the Comstock lode created a Wild West of the wildest. The pony express in 1860 had made the world marvel by crossing the continent in relay riding within fourteen days. Then came the railroad builders, speculators on a shoestring, carrying-on by sheer nerve, and coming at last, to their surprise, to the driving of a golden spike with a silver-headed hammer. And the region of the Humboldt was wilder than ever, Irish laborers and Chinese coolies fighting with sledges and whatever other instruments were handy. A little later came the feuds between cattle men and sheep-herders, and at last, when irrigation had made farming possible, the universal hostility towards settlers' fences.

So the story of the river and its environs is a saga of battle, murder and sudden death. It is told with immense gusto by Mr. Morgan.

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"GLOBE TROTTER" 1943 Style!

McBrine salutes the Women in the services. These ladies in uniform are "going places"-bent on the business of helping to win Victory. They need baggage for their travels . . . And McBrine is doing everything possible to see that they get it. That goes for the men on active service too -- So please don't buy baggage except for essential wartime travel. Wait until pleasure-travel is again in style. In the meantime remember McBrine — the best in baggage!

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BAGGAGE WITH
Character
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THE BOOKSHELF

The H.B.C. Adventurers

MINUTES OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, 1671-1674, Edited by E. E. Rich, Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and with an Introduction by Sir John Clapham, Vice Provost of King's College, Cambridge. (The Champlain Society, Toronto, Privately Printed.)

NOTHING can be more dull than Minutes. Even the Secretary often pales and stumbles while reading his own record of Last Meeting. But the pale entries of nearly three centuries ago covering the business of a trading company which explored Canada and is still a living and active organization have the liveliest interest.

Not so much in themselves but in their interpretation is their value. The Editor and his assistants have followed up every hint, chased-down every name and thus have given a clear picture of the Adventurers surrounding Prince Rupert, the first Governor. In this they have been greatly aided by Samuel Pepys who knew these men intimately, from that "brisk blade" Sir James Hayes, secretary to the Prince, to the "great little lord" Shaftesbury, and to Sir George Carteret.

Not often is a manuscript relic treated with such respectful care. Once again the Champlain Society has made a notable contribution to the story of Canada's beginnings.

The Spiritual Front

THE AVERAGE MAN, Broadcast Addresses, by Rev. Ronald Selby Wright, "The Radio Padre." (Longmans, Green, 85c.)

THE Christian message and its reasonableness set forth in language "understanded by the common man" and illustrated by analogies which every soldier appreciates. These are not sermons but "talks" blithe with humor and tolerance.

READINGS FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES for Jewish sailors, soldiers and airmen. (Religious Welfare Committee of the Canadian Jewish Congress.)

OVER five hundred pages 5¼ by 3¼ inches, are condensed into a half-inch pocket-book, admirably printed. Naturally the Psalms have the larger part, but the selections from the prophets are admirable.

Army of Healing

VICTORIES OF ARMY MEDICINE, by Edgar Erskine Hume, Colonel, Medical Corps, United States Army. (Longmans, Green, $4.00.)

FOR four years Colonel Hume served as Librarian of the Army Medical Library in Washington, which has everything. Nowhere else, not even in militarist Germany, is there a comparable collection of books and pamphlets relating to this specialized branch of the Service.

So there was ample material available for a thumping History in the romantic manner, painting the heroes in full color and emphasizing the drama in a score of notable quarrels which the annals record. But the author "pulls his punches", records facts and names in the long sequence from 1775 to now, and becomes a bibliographer gloating over the title-pages of rare Americana.

Nevertheless an interesting book! In the Mexican war for every 15 men killed by enemy action, 110 died from disease. In the Spanish war the proportion was 5 to 26. In the Great War the proportion was inverse, 53 to 15. The conquest of the "dirt diseases" of warfare was mainly the work of Army research. Walter Reed and his associates on the Yellow Fever Board placed the guilt for infection upon a special mosquito. William C. Gorgas followed-up by destroying the mosquitoes in Panama so that the Canal could be built.

In like manner the causes of malaria, typhoid and typhus were discovered and, by serums and the like, not only the Army but vast sections of the civilian population were immunized. The book should be read in parallel with Maisel's "Miracles of Military Medicine".

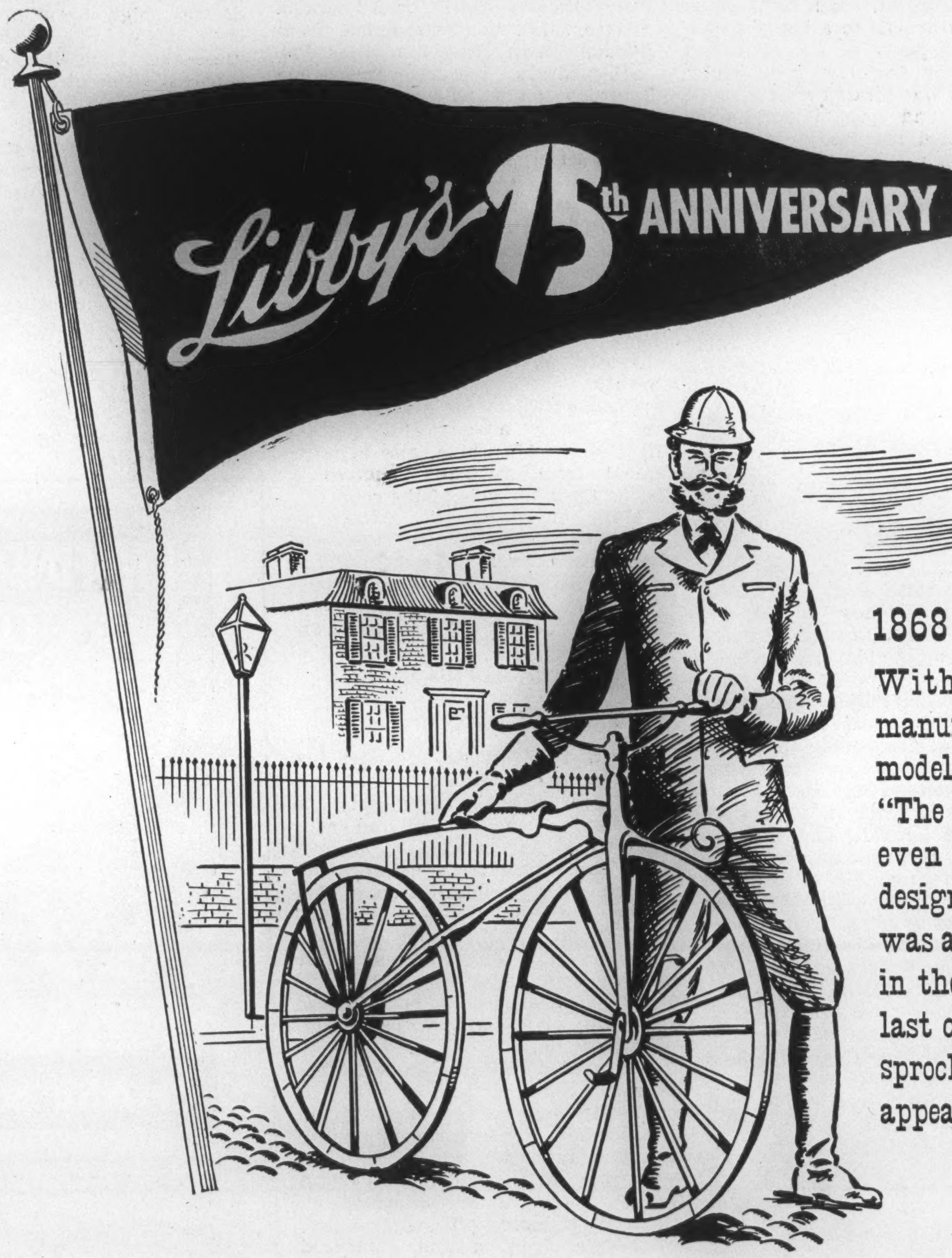
Americana

BY MARY DALE MUIR

"WITHOUT PASSPORT", a novel, by Joan Coons. (Longmans, Green, $3.25.)

THERE is little of the first novel in this story of modern American youth and its problems. Perhaps because these are also the problems of the writer, still in her twenties, she sees and understands them clearly and so presents them powerfully. Not only Lena and David, Iris, Caroline and Paul are forcibly imprinted on the reader's mind but a variety of minor characters besides. The scene shifts easily from small-town America to the cities of Europe. While quite evidently believing that the artist and worker find success and what happiness there is in true self-expression the authoress is capable of presenting sympathetically those whose attitude to life may be alien to her own and to the reader's. All come into this life without passport and have to find their way about.

The story is a long one and could conceivably have been shortened to advantage. It is slow in opening up. Too much time is spent on the early education of hero and heroine. A few characters are pulled in and dropped without sufficient reason, yet there is not one of these characters that the reader is sorry to have met. Each is a real person. Because of this gift of characterization and the vitality of the writing this novel has unusual verve and interest.



1868 "BONESHAKER"

With candid courage, the manufacturer of this rugged model called it from the first, "The Boneshaker". Rugged, even primitive though its design may seem today, this was a leading quality bicycle in the early seventies of the last century. The chain and sprocket drive was not to appear until some years later.

THROUGH the changing cycles of the 75 years since 1868 (31 years manufacturing in Canada) Libby's has sought to serve faithfully and well, whatever the stress of the times might be. Each year brings us all new problems. To Libby's September 1939 was another startling challenge to use the lessons and experiences of the past.

Libby's has weathered other wars. The problems of this one are different, more acute, but not unsurmountable.

Some Libby's products — perhaps your favourite among them—have had to be withdrawn from civilian distribution. On others, the available quantity is curtailed.

On still others, Libby's production is as great or greater than ever—for instance, Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice and Libby's Prepared Mustard—but steadily mounting demand quickly depletes your grocer's shelves.

To meet this situation as effectively as possible, Libby's strives constantly to increase production and daily endeavours to distribute available supplies on an equitable basis to every community. Meanwhile, Libby's uniformly high quality continues to distinguish every can and bottle that bears the Libby's Label.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Life On The Alaska Road

BY DORA EASTO

ON THE Alaska Military Road men work twelve hours a day—seven days a week—every day, every week. But even this arduous program leaves energy for some kind of partying at the weekend—and dances are popular!

Recently we girls working in the offices at Fort St. John, B.C., jolted for miles in trucks to a bang-up Saturday night party at the invitation of one of the American contractors. Their camp was located near a small settlement and people for miles around turned out for the fun—the women bringing their babies if there was no one at home to leave them with. Children played around the hall while their elders enjoyed the dancing.

The Band's Cello

The orchestra was an extraordinary one. Besides a violin, guitar and piano there were several unusual instruments: a glass wash-board which was skilfully played with drumsticks; four lead pipes of various lengths which produced a pleasant ringing when struck; and a remarkable instrument composed of a large tin can (about the size of an ice cream freezer) fastened parallel to a stout pole about 4 or 5 feet long. A thick cord stretched from the top of the pole down through the can was plucked by the player's fingers—something on the order of a cello. The music was terrific! The crowd on the dance floor was so great that it was almost impossible to dance, but everyone seemed bent on trying.

The big event of the evening was a pie-auctioning contest. We were not prepared for this, and had not brought pies, but the camp cook produced some marvels. We had sampled two or three of their kind earlier in the evening, and it was just by sheer force of willpower that we dragged ourselves away from the mess hall. Before the auctioning started our names were put on slips of paper and attached to the pies, and then one by one they were held up for bids.

Men well outnumbered women, and so bidding ran high — pies going for as much as $12.00 apiece. Of course, the men were to find the girls whose pies they bought. Compared to that search the needle in a haystack must have been a cinch! The indoor dance hall was packed; some were dancing on an outside platform; many were gathering in the mess hall for coffee; some were just strolling about — and no one seemed to know the name of anyone else!

Frequently the U.S. Army Air Corps, Army Engineers, or R.C.A.F. stationed at St. John arrange dances, to which all the available girls are invited. These are more formal affairs—an orchestra being flown in from Grande Prairie or Edmonton.

Here, six thousand miles from London Town there's another Piccadilly Circus. We discovered it one Saturday night when attending a lawn party in aid of the Red Cross, at the home of the Misses Birley, near Fort St. John. Five miles south of town we turned off the Alaska Road, drove around the tree-bordered "Circus," and came through a hedge of flowering Carrigana into a lovely garden. A profusion of yellow and orange poppies were the only flowers in bloom, but clumps of delphiniums were growing tall and mountain-ash gave promise of later beauty.

On one wall of the gracious living room hung a beautifully-marked tiger skin from China, also a native shield from Australia; shelves of books lined one side of the room.

Many of the guests arrived on horseback—some coming from outlying homesteads miles distant. Soldiers from Fort Alcan and groups from the construction camps near Fort St. John, enjoyed with the townspeople and settlers this bit of England on the Alaska Road.

Ride 'Em Cowboy!

North Pine Rodeo provides two days crammed with excitement. Indian families bring their tents and stay for the fun; ranchers and farmers travel from miles around; Americans come from the construction camps near Fort St. John, B.C.

The work on the Alaska Road must go on, but the broncho-busting continues well into the evening, so we saw some of the fun, and all the regalia-jackets of gorgeously beaded deer-skin; vivid satin shirts; moccasins, huge hats.

North Pine, B.C., is sixteen miles from St. John. It isn't a village or community—just a general store and a dance hall. The surrounding farming and ranching country is alive with color at the end of July, with barley shining in golden waves on the gently sloping hills, and masses of purple fireweed and goldenrod along the roadsides. For two days every year the rodeo brings to the district the excitement and adventure of a World's Fair.

The Indian riders ride as though moulded in the saddle. Between events Pete Wolf's boy, a lad of ten or eleven, rides stolidly around the track bareback, his brown face expressionless. Three gorgeously-attired young bloods race their spirited ponies up and down in front of the judges' stand. The contestants for the steer-roping prize cause some consternation among the fence-sitters by trying their skill on the posts nearby.

A shout from the corral announces the entrance of Steve Gunther on "Barb Wire," a rip-snorting broncho of mean ways. Steve hangs on doggedly until the whistle blows, then dexterously leaps behind the saddle of one of the accompanying riders, as the bronc continues to buck frantically across the field.

Next comes an Indian on "White Lightning," who more than lives up to his name; the rider is tossed off almost immediately.

Chuck wagon and roman racing bring wild cheers from the group in the precarious grandstand—a flimsy affair composed of a few planks and scantlings.

At ten o'clock the sun goes down, and the interest centres at the log hall where dancing is to be held; outside the place looks like nothing more than a barn, but indoors it's all one big room, with a plank floor. Lantern light creates an eerie dimness, and old and young whirl merrily around to the music which ordinarily plays for barn dances and "squares."

Towards midnight the children begin to settle down—some sleeping in tents near the corrals; others in the backs of trucks—using a thick layer of straw under their blankets. One Indian family herds its youngsters into a crudely-constructed tepee. In the light of the camp fires the scene takes on the semblance of a gypsy encampment.

Alaskan Fashion Show

The western girls revel in an opportunity to deck out in hats, dresses, high heels and handbags; even the women riders are more dressed-up than the Alcan stenographers. The girls from the cities wear slacks, shirts and kerchiefs, hoping it will be many moons before they must go back to their old office life, where hats, street cars and restaurant lunches figure so prominently.

The West mingles with the East—and the South. It will be a long time before North Pine welcomes again to its rodeo workers from Toronto, New York, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Denver; from Montana and Texas! They've brought new color to this North Peace country, and maybe after the War some will come back to settle among its magnificent hills and valleys.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Patient Looks at the Doctor

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

DOCTORS, despite their idiosyncrasies, are nice people, though hard to understand. Most of us were born with a doctor in attendance and most of us expect one will be on hand to ease us into the hereafter when our time comes. In the interval between the beginning and the ending of our life sentences, some of us require the services of a physician but seldom, while through the lives of others parades a procession of M.D.'s which, if lined up at one time, could easily be mistaken for the queue in front of the ticket window on opening day at the ball game.

It has ever been the privilege of doctors and surgeons to question, peer at, sound, pound, dose and operate upon trusting patients and it is time patients were permitted to, at least, look at and question certain eccentricities of the profession that have long puzzled and confused them.

First, there is the perennial hush that pervades doctors' waiting rooms. This hush is a cross between the reverential awe experienced in church and the subdued atmosphere of the funeral parlor. Why this should be, no one seems to know. Certainly, patients waiting to see the doctor are neither in Divine communion nor in the presence of death and one can only suppose this sepulchral quiet either stems from some obscure psychological reaction or is the result of the lighting system.

Dark View

For some extraordinary reason, most doctors' offices are lighted solely by a dark-shaded table lamp. Although magazines strewn on the table's surface invite one to read, to do so at a distance further removed than twelve inches from the lamp is to flirt with every eye ailment warned against by doctors and the manufacturers of electric light bulbs alike.

The magazines are themselves an interesting feature of outer office impedimenta. Now and again one finds a current copy but for the most part they are excellent refreshers on what was news six, twelve and even twenty-four months back. These collections of aged periodicals may, of course, be deliberately planned to discourage women patients from tearing out any recipe that may strike their fancies—regardless of the fact that a story may be continued on its back—and male patients from carrying the magazine away with them altogether in order to finish the article they were in the middle of when it came their turn to see the doctor.

Patients are sometimes constrained to wonder what method of communication doctors employ when addressing their families. Do their wives develop, through the years, a sort of sixth sense that enables them to correctly interpret the meaningless chest rumbling that, in lieu of words, occasionally issues from their husbands' throats? Or are they proficient in the art of thought transition? Thus, what might appear unseemly curiosity on the part of patients is induced by their own bewildering experience with this habit of mumbling that is common to most doctors.

This mumbling is most often brought into play during the diagnosing of symptoms and the prescribing for same. Say doctors upon their patients' recitals of woe, "Hmmm—Well, I would say *mumble mumble* and I'd like you to *mumble mumble*. Of course," they continue, drawing their prescription pad toward them and writing busily, "there's a possibility *mumble mumble—*" Words once more degenerate into an indistinct jumble of sound, but with the last dash of pen across pad, they increase again in volume and clarity and, before the patients realize it, they are wafted out of the office, dazed but hopeful, on the cheery blast of, "Take this night and morning and let me know in a week or two how you make out."

There are patients who refuse to be wafted. "Just what," they insist, "did you say was wrong with me, doctor?"

This piece of temerity never fails to bring a slightly pained look to doctors' faces. Here they have talked steadily for twenty minutes and the patient hasn't paid sufficient attention to grasp what has been said. Their expression wonders whether patients are bright people or whether, indeed, they are people at all!

Professional Mask

Sometimes, when requested to do so, doctors will go over the ground again, this time more lucidly, but more often they permit a cold, impersonal mask to drop over their features. This mask has a paralyzing effect upon both the curiosity and the speech of importunate patients. It is standard equipment with all doctors and is guaranteed to keep even the most recalcitrant patients in hand. It also infuriates them to the point of madness.

It has been suggested that this mask is a sort of defence mechanism to which doctors have been forced to resort to protect themselves against their patients' peculiarities. For instance, patients well launched on a recital of their symptoms, will not only edge them with needless bits of dramatic embroidery but will drag in the ailments of every member of their families, including those of great aunts who suffered dizzy spells and uncles who died in their youth.

Feminine patients frequently show an alarming disposition to fall in love with their doctors. Fortunately, this inexplicable affection like measles, mumps and seven day itch, runs its cycle and then subsides, though not before it has caused both patients and doctors a few bad moments. It is evidenced, as a rule, by languishing glances on the part of the ladies, quickened pulses and the manufacturing of excuses for frequent medical attention. The more hopeless romantics, however, reveal their emotional state in a bolder fashion, much to the embarrassment of their physicians who are usually happily married and have no time for that sort of thing anyway.

Family Skeletons

This mask, it has further been advanced, is a protection against the tendency of patients, male and female, to unload upon their long-suffering doctors not only their physical troubles but their financial and domestic difficulties. More family skeletons have been rattled in doctors' offices than there are bodies strewing the pages of a super murder thriller and if medical men are to retain sufficient mental equilibrium to continue in practice, they must build up a resistance of some kind to this sort of thing and that resistance is the effective deadpan.

To all of which patients are inclined to remark, "Humph!" They are convinced doctors assume this irritating mask only (a) because of their unconscious disdain of the lay mind with its inability to grasp medical terms. (b) Because of a desire to surround themselves with an awe-engendering mystery that will discourage patients from exhibiting too lively a curiosity in matters that are the province solely of materia medica and (c) to hide from their patients the fact that nine times out of ten they are working by gum and by guess rather than from actual knowledge.

The relationship between doctors and patients is similar to that existing between landlords and tenants, storekeepers and customers, the government and the people. Each refers to the other impatiently as, "they". Each is in a constant state of exasperation at the unreasonableness, oddity and downright perversity of the other. But between doctors and patients there is a softening of hostilities, a sort of friendly enemies feeling, that is not always apparent in the other cases. This softening can be ascribed, perhaps, to the gratitude patients accord those doctors who have helped them and the genuine concern of physicians for the welfare of their charges.

"Doctor," exclaims the patient, via the telephone, "those pills you gave me make me feel queer all over."

Take One Instead of Two

"That's strange," replies the doctor, "they're exactly what I gave you before. A little stronger, that's all. Take one instead of two after each meal—What's that? Pains in your arms, too? But there's nothing contained in those pills that you haven't been taking all along. Couldn't possibly cause pains—Decrease the dose if you like—They can't hurt you."

He hangs up, exasperation radiating from every inch of him. "They do it every time! Each new ache, real or imaginary, they attribute to the medicine you just prescribed for them. Oh," he explodes, "they're so *perverse!*"

"I think," says the doctor, "we'll try this preparation and see what happens."

"But, doctor," protests the patient, "last visit you said an operation was the only answer."

"Operation?" repeats the doctor, as though he'd never heard the word. "Oh, no. Unless, that is, we can find no other solution. We'll just carry on with this for a while. Now, *mumble mumble—*"

"Oh, these doctors!" wails the patient. "If they'd only make up their minds! One minute you're to make arrangements to enter the hospital within the month and the next you're to try new medicine and hope for the best. They're so *unreasonable!*"

And so the battle for health wages, with the patient looking askance at the doctor and the doctor looking right back again.

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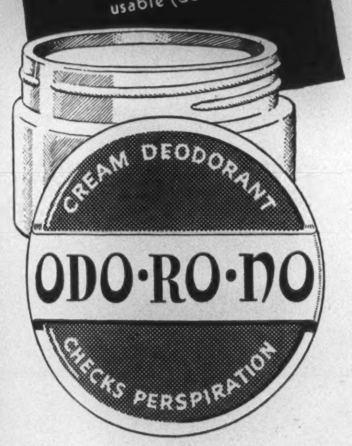
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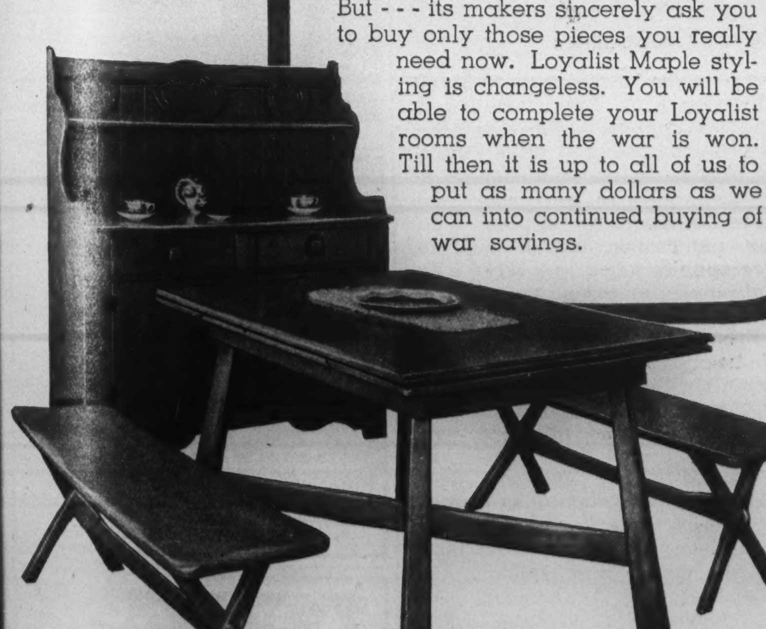
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Borré Plays A Distinguished Program

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LISTENING at the Promenade Symphony concert last week, to Cesar Borré's admirable interpretation of Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Music, from Wagner's "Valkyrie," my mind went back to the very first occasion when I heard the "Feuerzauber" as it used to be called. It was in a transcription by Louis Brassin, a celebrated Alsatian pianist and pupil of Liszt, who died in 1884 at the age of 44. This arrangement, probably the most beautiful of all Wagner transcriptions for the pianoforte, is the only work of Brassin's that is remembered, though he devised a piano method for students, long used in France.

The Wagner-Brassin "Magic Fire" fantasy remained in the piano repertory for many years after his death. I heard it forty years ago, at a time when I was quite unacquainted with the "Nibelungen Ring" music, played by a young California woman of rare talent, Katherine Ruth Heyman, who made her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1899. In 1905 she went to live in Europe, and her career as a pianist seems to have ended in 1915, when she came back to America using her married name, Willoughby. She it was who introduced the music of Scriabin to America and she also introduced certain American composers to Europe. Though I have heard hundreds of pianists since, I do not recall any occasion when I have found more pleasure, than from her exquisite touch and phrasing in the "flame" passages of the Brassin transcription.

It came back to me vividly in listening to the original orchestral version last week. As a sequence, my thoughts turned to the complete disappearance nowadays of Wagner transcriptions from piano programs; whereas at one time they were constantly played. In days gone by Josef Hofmann almost invariably played Liszt's stupendous arrangement of the Overture to "Tannhauser". Outside a few large centres music lovers in America obtained their initiation to Wagner, through piano transcriptions. Liszt, Wagner's best friend and benefactor, deliberately set about popularizing his music by this means. He made more than half-a-score arrangements and fantasies embracing episodes from "Rienzi", "The Flying Dutchman", "Tannhauser", "Lohengrin", "Meistersinger", "Tristan and Isolde", "Gotterdammerung" and "Parsifal" (the latter when he was over 70). The Magic Fire music he left to his pupil Brassin. Among the many Liszt transcriptions, was one especially beautiful from a purely pianistic standpoint, the "Spinning Song" from "The Flying Dutchman" a work young pianists would do well to study.

Symphony Broadcasts

I suppose that the reason why these stimulating works have disappeared from the recital repertory is the widespread development of symphony orchestras and orchestral broadcasts. Wagner's music is diffused in the original orchestral form; more colorful than the pianoforte can make it, except under the fingers of genius.

To come back to last week's Prom: Cesar Borré undoubtedly added to his local reputation by his discerning, refined and powerful interpretation of the "Valkyrie" music. Wotan's Farewell is a beautiful fabric with the noble leading motives of the "Ring" gorgeously interwoven and the sequel, typifying the flames creeping up around the rock where Brunhilde is beginning her long sleep, is as fine descriptive music as ever was penned. The lucidity with which Mr. Borré brought out details was the more noteworthy, because this season the Prom orchestra contains many youthful performers, who co-operated admirably with seasoned veterans.

Another episode in which both conductor and orchestra won laurels was Tchaikovsky's enthralling "Francesca da Rimini". The composer caught the feeling of Dante as he tells of encountering "Paolo and Francesca" in a part of Inferno where lost souls are seen "like flocks of starlings whirled about in the hurricane of a winter blast". The manner in which he employs various instruments like clarinet, cor anglais, and horns to suggest awe and mystery is wonderful.

Bevy of Composers

The first performance in England of "Francesca da Rimini" in June, 1893, a few months before the composer's death, occurred under interesting circumstances. Cambridge University which years previously had conferred honorary degrees on Brahms and Joachim decided to again recognize music in a large way by inviting six composers, Verdi, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Saint - Saens, Max Bruch and Boito to receive similar honors. Verdi and Grieg could not come but the other four accepted. After convocation the illustrious visitors gave a concert of their own works in Cambridge Guildhall. Saint-Saens played for the first time a brilliant pianoforte fantasy "Africa"; Max Bruch conducted a choral scene from his "Odysseus"; Boito conducted the prologue to "Mefistofele"; and Tchaikovsky the first performance in England of his great symphonic poem, which far exceeded the other works in interest.

One has in the past spoken of Mr. Borré's flair for the French repertory, and he demonstrated it once more in impressive renderings of the overture to Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys", and of Saint-Saens' Algerian Suite. The vocalist of the occasion, the Russian baritone Igor Gorin, endowed with a stirring style, mellow voice, fine diction and magnetic personality, captivated listeners not only in operatic arias, but by the martial rendering of Russian lyrics like Shostakovich's "Song of the United Nations" and Bogaslavsky's tribute to Stalingrad, "Beloved City."

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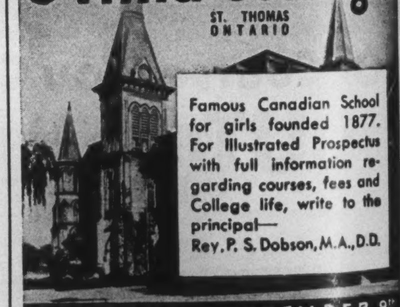

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THE FILM PARADE

English Feeling On War Films

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

A HOLLYWOOD film executive returning from London recently reports that "British moviegoers feel there are too many war pictures and are becoming fed up because so large a proportion of Hollywood productions are so remote from the facts."

It is easy to pick out the type of film that has made the British moviegoers fretful. "Crash Dive" would do it and so would "Assignment in Brittany" and "Reunion in France" and "Pilot No. 5" and "Dangerous Journey," together with practically all the items in the Commando cycle. The best of them, though faithful enough in detail, look as someone once said Englishwomen's shoes look—as though they had been made by someone who had heard of shoes but had never actually seen a pair. Even "Mrs. Miniver", which made such a tremendous impression in this country, left large sections of the British public comparatively unmoved. Some critics were even exasperated by it. You can get pretty sensitive on the subject of the blitzkrieg when you've just had it in your own streets and cities and even living-rooms and backyards.

The British studios haven't had either the time or money for big buuget war films. Nearly all the war pictures they have produced however have had somewhere the stamp of authenticity. "The First Commando" for instance, one of the earliest of the British war films, was made with the assistance of a number of French extras who in the memorable sequences showing the evacuation along the French roads were re-enacting the scenes they had actually been through on the continent a few months before. "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing" had the same authentic feeling and so had "Next of Kin", "In Which We serve" was artificially contrived and there were moments when Noel Coward appeared to be less a British sea captain than a public address system; yet in spite of this it managed to remind us over and over again that this was a picture made by people who were actually in the thick of war and knew what they were talking about.

There are signs that the Hollywood producers themselves are getting a little tired of war-films. The word "Commando" doesn't appear in a single title of the lists for the coming season, although there are an extravagant number of musicals, most of which promise to be on an extravagant scale, and of comedies, dramas, and comedy-dramas.

THE THEATRE

"Theatre" Is Exciting

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

ONE of Somerset Maugham's most dexterous theatrical contrivances, the comedy "Theatre", was used by Cornelia Otis Skinner as a vehicle for an attempt to move from monologue into full-length drama, and was played in Toronto in 1941 on its way to New York, where it lasted only two months. I missed the Toronto showing, being in England at the time, but the New York criticisms rather suggest that Miss Skinner is not at her best in a dramatic structure running two-and-a-half hours and her cast was not a distinguished one.

It is many years since I have sat through a more exciting evening in a theatre than last Monday, when this brilliantly clever piece, in the old substantial pre-Noel Coward manner of the English theatre, was presented by the astounding company which Mr. Robert Henderson has collected and welded together, with Elissa Landi and Judson Laire in the roles of "the Darby and Joan of the English stage." How Miss Landi gets such richness of characterization, such mastery of effect, such complete consistency and logic, into roles which she performs only for a week or two at a time will ever be a mystery to me. She is, I suppose, the perfect trouper, with prompt insight into the possibilities of a role and an uncanny instinct for the means to bring them out.

The whole piece, which is full of delightful little "bits" (John Richards got a deserved round of applause that night for sixty seconds' work as an old actor, largely because he has the perfect old actor's voice), was done with rich gusto and authority. Our own Arden Kaye, though scarcely the type for the younger actress who tries to act *Julia Lambert* off the stage, did an effective scene at the close, and the whole cast was equal to its tasks except Mr. John Grogan, who apparently had not realized that *Tom Fennell* is not a straight young-lover part but a very definite cad;—he has to be in order to prevent us from sympathizing with him for the outrageous way in which *Julia* treats him. Dorothy Eaton, Stanley Bell and Roger Sullivan were excellent. This is a vastly better show than most of those that we see in winter at twice the price; and fortunately it is getting a responsive and discriminating audience.

Last week I attended the Army Show at the Victoria Theatre, and I want to record that with the addition of a single big-name star it would in my opinion run for months in New York precisely as it is. It is full of brains, and as brisk as a cat heading down an alley, and its organization is magnificent; and it is so strictly up-to-date that it even ends up in South America. The orchestra is terrific.

Stanley Bell appearing in "Smilin' Through" with Erin O'Brien-Moore at the Royal Alexandra starting Aug. 16.

Victor Kolar, Conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Promenade Guest Conductor on Aug. 19. →

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

It's Very Quiet Around Here

BY MAY RICHSTONE

NO ONE hurtles through the front door with the buoyant shout, "Here I am, you lucky people!"

The house is abyssmally peaceful. No one raids the refrigerator; no one skims helter-skelter through the rooms; no one leaves a trail of fingerprints on the walls and footprints on the rugs; no one flings tennis rackets on the piano and bathing suits on the bannister. The radio and record player do not throb with the raucous sounds adored by jitterbugs who are hep to the jive. The doorbell and telephone do not ring incessantly, imperiously. The dishes do not tower high in the sink after every enthusiastic meal.

The children have gone to camp. The house is quiet, neat. The rooms that used to reverberate to the hilarity of youth stand silent now, lost and lonely. Yesterday this was a home, teeming with activity. Today it is a series of adjoining rooms, a house, filled with chairs and lamps and emptiness. Yesterday it had noise and laughter and a soul. Today it is a shell.

This is what we wanted. This is what we planned. There was a flurry of shopping, an orgy of alterations, a frenzy of name-tape sewing, a final three-day climax of trunks cluttering the living room. Then the trunks were packed; the trunks were shipped; the children were scrubbed and polished and deposited on the train in the company of other excited campers. Calm counsellors took charge. The last admonitions were uttered and unheard, the last loving kisses were bestowed and brushed off, the last anxious, foolish hand-waving was completed and the train slid away. The parents left on the platform looked like lost bewildered children. They looked desolate. We felt as they looked.

Good in Theory

This was our first experience at sending the children to camp. Theoretically we knew it was a good idea. Children need the wise guidance of adults who are not bound to them by emotional ties. They benefit by supervised recreation. They learn to participate in group activities; they develop self-reliance and poise. Potentialities that might be stifled at home turn into aptitudes that were never even suspected. At camp the youngsters live healthy, hardy, uncoddled, unclouded lives. They learn to drive a tennis ball hard and fast over the net. They learn to ride a horse, to appreciate the hush of woodland trails fringed by clean green fern fronds. They learn to swim like eels, to eat with decorum.

So we favored the idea. And all last week, anyone who had the temerity to cross our threshold was handed a needle and name-tapes. Strange how the news got around and visitors tapered off. It was just as well. Toward the end of the week, chairs were at a premium in our living room. Every available space was cluttered with apparel waiting to be packed. Unbelievable how many things there were to be assembled for a mere two children. Incredible that they should all fit finally into a mere two camp trunks.

Ready to Go

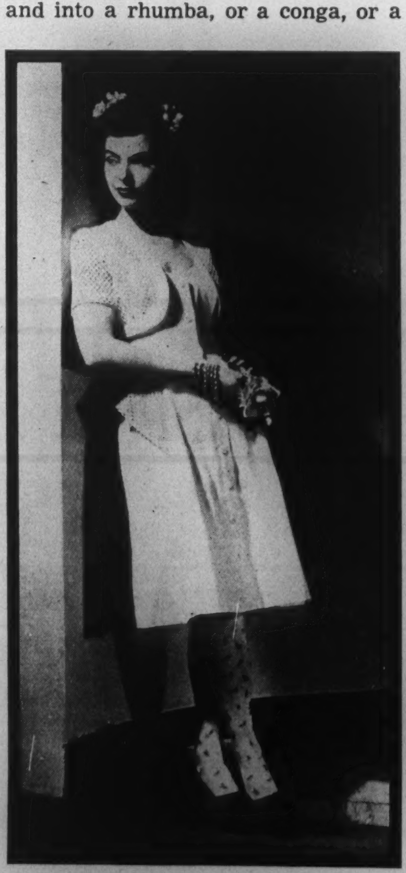
Even the packing was fun. Anticipation ran riot. Daughter crammed an ancient pink felt down to her eyebrows and leered, "This is for the social evenings." Son resurrected a battered straw hat, cocked it over one eye and strutted, stealing the limelight. From time to time they rehearsed loud, long, and sour on the vocal renditions they were going to perpetrate, — "Always Respect Your Mother" and the twin song, "Always Respect Your Father." They gurgled the serious words with a tremolo that harked back to the gay nineties. They laid the sentiment on as thick as treacle. Respect, indeed!

And now they are in camp. For eight weeks we won't hear Son's ingenious request, "How about a nickel for a nice *nourishing* ice-cream cone?" Daughter will not disappear mysteriously when there are dishes to be washed. We won't hear Son bantering with the boys, "Desist, or I'll haul off and give you a dirty look." Daughter won't be prying her poor decrepit old Dad out of a chair and into a rhumba, or a conga, or a samba, or whatever the contortions are called.

For eight weeks we won't be trying to superimpose neatness upon Son's habits—a losing battle if there ever was one. We persist, but our hearts aren't in it. Let his wife worry. It's Daughter's careless abandon with her possessions that furrows our brow. We can preach neatness to her until we have laryngitis, but her room perennially looks as though burglars had just rifled it. However, here too we comfort ourselves. Chances are, she'll change one day, or some one will love her anyhow. But it certainly won't be her mother-in-law!

But how inconsequential their faults become when our children are eight weeks and two hundred miles away. Were they ever a problem? Did they really have us at our wit's end, every once in a while, the cherubs! How hasty we must have been. How patient we'll be in the future.

The house is still now. For the first time, we hear the erratic ticking of the kitchen clock, the motor of the refrigerator, the beating, almost, of our hearts. They'll have a happy summer, Daughter and Son. Strange how I am haunted by a paraphrasing of Shakespeare's line, "Lord, what fools these parents be!"



Cotton turns its back to the sun in a low-backed button front dress of white pique. For lunching or teaing, a cotton mesh bolero dresses it up. Old-fashioned rosebuds are printed on the white cotton stockings.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Girls Who Man England's Guns

BY C. PATRICK THOMPSON

IT WAS hard luck for the Jerry leading the first wave heading for the Fortress station: he chanced to come within range when Jeannie was at the top of her form. Although he was four miles off and three miles up, that 120-pound brunette reached up a slim long arm and slapped him with a steel can of TNT.

Anti-aircraft Command headquarters included that bomber among the nine destroyed when a force of 30 raiders dropped bombs over an area of southeast England.

The A-A report writer did not add the detail that Jeannie's sisters-in-arms gave the raiders such a pasting that the Jerries kept high and laid their eggs hastily around the countryside.

The main defenses are the batteries of 5-ton, 3.7-inch guns. Half of the personnel serving these thousands of guns are now Auxiliary Territorial Service girls. Jeannie—steel-hatted, leather-gaitered and booted, with a sergeant's chevrons on the sleeve of her battledress—is typical of the sky-gun girls. A small, lively person with a gay dark eye and curly short hair, she was a stenographer in 1940. A bomb dropped in the big raid on London of May 10, 1941, wrecked her home, killed her parents. In June that year she joined the ATS, and in December she volunteered for the new anti-aircraft mixed batteries. A year later she was Number One in charge of a crew.

A few minutes before she sprang into fire-cracker action, and knocked down that swastika bomber flying at 300 miles an hour, she was asleep in her cot.

Seconds Count

Jeannie, wakened from dreams, swung her legs out of bed and into battledress trousers. All the girls were dragging battledress over pyjamas, grabbing tin hats and gas masks. Outside, flashlights gleamed as the girls ran to their instruments, the men to the guns.

In the concrete-walled gun post, Jeannie and her crew got to work twirling the dials and handles of the big black predictor, matching arrows, hair-lining pointers on revolving range drums. Electric cables linked that half-ton calculating robot to the radio-location hut in rear and the guns in front.

Jeannie was weaving a death web. She had to figure an accurate prediction of the target's future position in the sky map, solving the riddle of fuse setting and angle of fire. As the girls worked, the long guns swung up and round, scenting, and the loaders stood ready by the machine fuse setters

It was split-second work. The raider, five miles away as the shell flies, was changing position 400-500 feet every second; the shell may take 12-15 seconds to reach the time spot where the fuse is due to explode the TNT charge and spray a lethal steel shower over a radius of 50-100 feet.

The predictor girls snapped their reports. "Predictor steady," reported Jeannie to the Gun Post Officer. "Fuse Number Two-four."

All Volunteers

The brazen-lunged officer passed the fuse news in a yell to the guns, the loaders shoved their shell noses into the fuse-setter cups, pulled them out with the fuse set, rammed them into gun breeches.

"Fire," said Jeannie in a conversational tone, and the GPO gave the order.

Crash-wham! They're away. A shell every 10 seconds from each gun. The bursting shells flowered into red stars in the far sky. Among the red stars, suddenly, a white light flashed. It shrank to a red-and-orange tongue of flame, then turned to a plummeting comet with a tail of fire. Jeannie had made her kill.

Britain's sky-gun girls are all volunteers—and about 50 per cent of those who get through their preliminary ATS training do volunteer. It's tough work, often on isolated posts miles from town or village. It may mean 24-hour duty during "hot" times.

Conditions vary, I visited one heavy battery where the girls had comfortable quarters in an old mansion in a private park; at another battery, on a desolate spit of marshland near the coast, the girls lived in wooden huts. Running out at night to take post, they were more worried about possible earwigs in their trousers than about any bombs or bullets that might come their way.

A concert party were putting on a show in a new hut when I arrived at a gun site near the coast. The footlights were contrived from old cocoa tins. The curtains came from the tail fin of a shot-down barrage balloon. On the wall hung a large picture of a pretty ATS girl—a very young girl with level eyes and smiling lips. That was Nora Caveney, the first ATS girl to fall while serving the guns.

It was a sudden raid. The guns had only time to fire one salvo before enemy planes were overhead. The guns roared again. Through the ear-splitting bark of ground guns intruded a thin accelerating whine. A bomb was on its way down! There was a blinding sheet of white flame, a crash of splitting metal.

The sandbags around the concrete control-post walls don't top the girl's heads. Nora Caveney fell. The girls around the predictor couldn't stop their job to tend her. Number One called for a casualty replacement. Up ran the daytime spotter, Private Gladys Keel, and took Nora's place at the dial. It was the drill they had been trained in, only this time it was the real thing.

"On target!" The guns went on firing.

The battery commander chanced to be in the control post—the only person not busy on a precise job of work. He picked Nora up, had her borne back to camp.

Nora Caveney's battery has moved, but her name lives on, commemorated by the memorial hut on the site where she died, facing the enemy, in action with the guns.

Beauty answers the Call of Duty

BEAUTY IS YOUR DUTY
RICHARD HUDNUT

*D*UTY'S CALL — finds Miss Canada ready to do her part. She must be at her best always — instilling confidence — maintaining morale — although time for personal care is limited.

*D*U BARRY OFFERS a solution to Miss Canada's wartime problem. A few minutes daily care, the DuBarry way, is the secret to complete relaxation . . . to greater loveliness. *The DuBarry Beauty-Angle Treatment* is the answer. It stimulates the circulation of the facial areas, bringing new radiant beauty from within. Consult your DuBarry Beauty Adviser at all better cosmetic counters.

*D*U BARRY SUGGESTS A "SPRING TONIC" for those "off-duty" hours. DuBarry Foundation Lotion, then soft, warm DuBarry Powder, to be followed by the DuBarry harmonized make-up ensemble of rouge and lipstick. It's springtime, and a dash of colour will make you feel better, look better, and you will have the assurance of knowing you are at your best.

Du Barry Foundation Lotion 1.50

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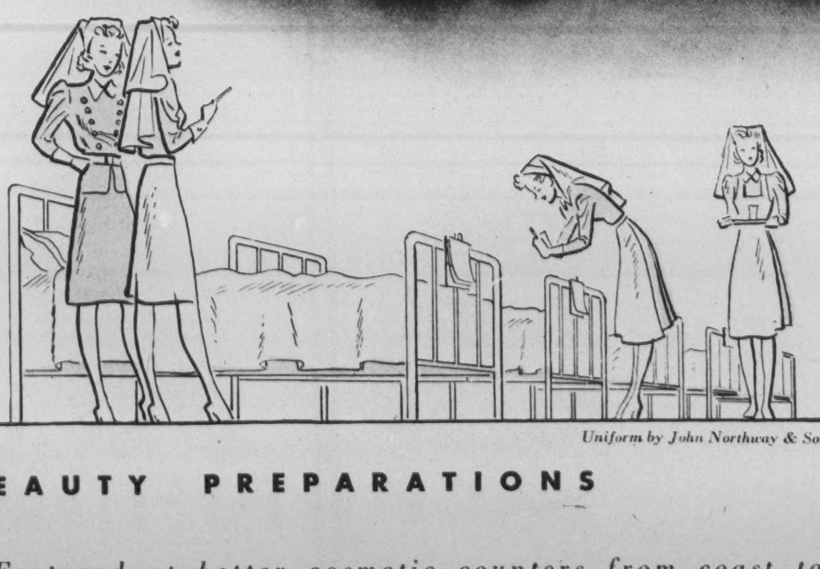

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CONCERNING FOOD

Good Reading, Good Eating

BY JANET MARCH

IF YOU are finding a wartime diet which includes rather a lot of lima beans, macaroni and tap water a bit of a bore, go out and buy *The Bed-Book of Eating and Drinking, by Richardson Wright,* (*Longmans Green & Co.,* $3.00.). The Liquor Control Board may have those tantalizing words "Temporarily out of stock" beside every single wine on the list, but here you can read freely about which is the best Tokay—in case you ever find yourself in Budapest again—and learn which of the Jura wines are the finest. It makes nice summer reading of the wishful thinking variety.

Mr. Wright has been editor of "House and Garden" for twenty-nine years, but he manages to do a lot of other things as well. Most gardeners who like to read about their favorite pastime will know his two Bed-Books of Gardening. A house in Connecticut gives the author the opportunity to practice both on the soil and in the kitchen. This book is divided into months with a short numbered piece for each day. It has pleasant line drawings by June Platt, the author of those wonderful cook books which ignore time and expensive materials, but if you abide by the directions give you royal dishes.

It's a nice book to leave in the spare room, or indeed by your own bed, and don't imagine that all its three hundred odd pages are concerned with such gourmet's matters as vintage wines. Larded in between historical facts about food are such things as this—"A quick luncheon for these gardening filled country days—cold ham, potato and celery salad, a glass of iced tea spiked with mint and strawberries soaked in sugar and red wine."

As for the wines, Mr. Wright is quite a supporter of American wines and sees a fine future for them. He could probably give us much good advice on our Canadian varieties, only that isn't immediately helpful as it is just about as hard to snare a bottle of native wine these days as it is to find a European one. Like most lovers of really good food he believes in using wine in cookery quite extensively, but he points out that the cheaper brands are perfectly adequate.

Vitamins in Wine

André Simon has long been known by gourmets as a really great authority on wines, and his book "The Art of Good Living" is prescribed reading for people interested in wine. Richardson Wright quotes him as saying that "the vitamins in fresh grapes go into the wine. A red wine made from black grapes pressed and left to ferment with their skins and stems intact is richer in vitamins than one from grapes without their skins and stems." Remember this pleasant way to vitamins when peace comes and once again a bottle of good wine comes to the table.

While we are on the subject of drink the author feels keenly about home bars. "Home bars and rumpus rooms are two forms of suburbiana that may stay there if they wish but neither in town nor suburban homes or homes in the deeper country are they necessary to hospitality. They have a distasteful connotation and belong to a roughneck era that please God is gone for good. We should be able to drink in any room of the house and in any part of the garden without making a show about it. To reserve a special room for that purpose is both a waste of space and an evidence of bad taste."

Scattered amongst such wisdom as to the good and the bad of eating and drinking are some fine recipes. Though he sings the praises of many skillful cooks who have fed him in his own house, obviously Mr. Wright is an accomplished cook in his own right. Here is a recipe for

Curried Corn Soup

1 tablespoon of chopped onion
1 tablespoon of butter
1 teaspoon of curry powder
1 teaspoon of corn starch
Salt
Pepper
Cayenne
1 can of corn put through the grinder
3 cups of stock
2½ cups of tomato juice
1 cup of milk

Fry the onion in the butter till golden brown. As canned corn is frozen now, and wasn't on most grocery shelves even before the freezing order, you will have to use the fresh which should be boiled and cut off the cobs and then ground. Two cups equal a medium can. Cook all together and then strain. Heat one cup of milk in a double boiler and allow to cool before adding to other mixtures if soup is to be served cold.

Too often potato salad seems to be an invention of the devil. No flavor except the strong one of a lot of raw onions, and the whole thing masked in mayonnaise. Mr. Wright says, "I propose to filch from Dumas *fils* his recipe for potato salad. You begin by peeling four potatoes and cooking them in chicken broth. When they are done drain off the broth and slice the potatoes. Salt and pepper, dribble 2 tablespoons of hot olive oil over them, a dabble of wine vinegar, and a jigger of white wine. When this is cool add chopped parsley, chives and chevril." This does not taste like most potato salads, thank heaven. You try it and see.

Cinnamon and Nasturtiums

The Bed-Book is filled with interesting tips on food. For instance, try dusting vanilla ice cream with powdered cinnamon. "In Florida hostesses have a pretty way of making hors d'oeuvres—they fill nasturtium flowers with cream cheese, you eat flower and all." "A pinch of thyme mixed in hamburgers before you cook them usually results in requests for a second helping." Try chilling boiled parsnips, those stepchildren of the vegetable kingdom, slicing them and mixing them in a green salad with mayonnaise.

The author sees advantages in wartime rationing. "Thanks to rationing, more imagination will go into the preparation of our menus. Rather than being a hardship it should prove a benefit both to the cuisine of the average family and to its pocketbook. It isn't the money you spend on the ingredients of a meal that counts, but the ingenuity with which these ingredients are handled. Even in the flushest of times kitchen waste and slovenliness dangerously approached the damning stature of an unforgiveable sin."

This book gives you the feeling of someone who knows how to live, appreciates elaborate food in its place, and is just as happy with very simple fare when that is the suitable thing. Anyone interested at all in eating will like browsing through its pages. Let's hope another book will some day follow this one.

Broadtail Persian, in a three-quarter length coat of Chinese inspiration, with a straight panelled front and a natural shoulder line. The five-skin muff is Russian sable.

FRY'S COCOA ICED

For c-o-o-l, tempting refreshment during the hot summer months, there's nothing quite so delicious as a glass of Fry's ICED COCOA.

When the heat finds you tired and needing a "pick-me-up," you'll quickly find that this wholesome drink is more than just a cooling, tasty beverage. It gives you all the well-known health value of milk plus that extra energy which Fry's Cocoa provides.

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE ICED COCOA

First, make a cocoa syrup by mixing well together DRY ½ cup of Fry's Cocoa and ¾ cup of sugar. Then slowly add 1 cup of boiling water. Stir well and bring to the boil. Pour syrup into a clean dry glass jar and let cool.

Keep a supply of Fry's Cocoa Syrup on hand in the Refrigerator, ready to serve instantly.

Iced Cocoa is quickly served

Just fill a glass with thoroughly chilled milk, (adding a little chipped ice if you like). Then add 2 tablespoons of cocoa syrup — stir — and the grandest summer drink you've ever tasted is now ready to serve— Fry's ICED COCOA!

Ideal for lunch boxes

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PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA
J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD.
1 lb. Net
FRY-CADBURY LTD.
MONTREAL

CUT FOOD COSTS... RAISE FOOD VALUE

with "MAGIC" EGG ROLL

2 c. flour
4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. salt
4 tbs. shortening
1 egg
½ c. milk
5 hard boiled eggs
4 tbs. milk
2 tsp. lemon juice
3 tsp. chopped onion
2 tbs. chopped parsley
2 tbs. chopped green pepper
1 tsp. dry mustard
Salt, pepper, paprika

Sift together first 3 ingredients. Cut in shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup; add milk to make ¾ cup; add to first mixture. Roll out ¼ inch thick, on floured board. Chop hard boiled eggs, mix with remaining ingredients, spread on dough. Roll up like jelly roll and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 minutes. Serve with cheese sauce.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST
1 LB. NET
MAGIC
BAKING
POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

MADE IN CANADA

FOR SUCCESSFUL BAKING

"WE WANT ANOTHER SLICE OF BREAD"

—OF COURSE THEY DO—
IT'S MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S
FRESH YEAST

● Everyone loves the wholesome goodness of bread baked with Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. That's why four generations of Canadian homemakers have preferred this yeast for baking bread at home. If *you* bake at home, it can be *depended* on every time to give a smooth-textured, sweet-tasting, delicious loaf. No chances of doughy, heavy failures with Fleischmann's Yeast. At your grocer's.

GET MORE VITAMINS — MORE PEP! Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* Yeast every day. This Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

MADE IN CANADA

CONCERNING FOOD

It's Time To Can Fruits

BY DEMETRIA TAYLOR

MOTHER Nature could have been more lavish this year, but for all that, there is fruit to be had—fruit to eat and fruit to can. And you should can it in plenty. No need for a pressure cooker. All fruits can be processed with safety in a boiling-water bath.

Peaches, apples, pears, grapes and plums soon will be ready. Fill preserve shelves with the orchard harvest and, when winter comes, gloat over the beauty and sustenance within the jars.

Of course it is more fun to have a canning bee—to work in company with a neighbor or two. Assembly-line tactics speed things up, and there are no rules to prevent taking turns at the various chores—no law against chattering as fingers fly!

Canning fruit is easy, and it's fun. Follow directions and success is sure.

1. Prepare sugar syrup a day or two in advance. Count on ½ cup for each pint jar, 1 cup for each quart jar. A light to medium sugar syrup is right for most fruits. 2. Select fresh, sound fruit, free from bruised or decayed spots. 3. Assemble all necessary equipment and be sure that it is immaculately clean. 4. Read directions for using the type of jar lid you have selected. 5. Prepare only as much fruit as may be canned easily in the allotted time. 6. Pre-cook and process for the exact time period given in the recipe. 7. Remove one jar at a time and complete the seal if necessary. 8. Cool jars upright in a place where no draft will strike them. 9. After 24 hours invert the jars and test for leakage. 10. Label each jar with the name of the product, lot number and date of canning.

Apples

Tart apples are best for canning. All bruised or discolored spots must be removed. Pare, core, slice or quarter the apples and drop them at once into an acid-salt solution to prevent discoloration. (To make this solution add 2 tablespoons of salt and 2 tablespoons of vinegar to 4 quarts of water). When all the apples are prepared, drop them into boiling light sugar syrup (1 cup sugar to 5 cups water) and cook 5 minutes. Pack, boiling hot, in clean, hot jars. Fill jars with hot syrup. Process in a water-bath canner 5 minutes.

Applesauce, freshly made according to your favorite recipe, should be packed boiling hot, into clean, hot jars. Process in water-bath canner 10 minutes.

Apples for pie-filling, tart, of course, are pared, cored, sliced and cooked for 5 minutes in boiling water. Then pack, boiling hot, in clean, hot jars and fill jars with boiling, unsweetened water. Process in a water-bath canner 15 minutes.

Cranberries

Cranberry sauce, made by a standard recipe with whole berries, or strained, is easy to can. If the sauce is strained after cooking re-heat to boiling. Pack the sauce boiling hot, in clean, hot jars and process in a water-bath canner 5 minutes.

Cranberry juice. Put 2 pounds fresh cranberries through food chopper; add 1 quart water and heat slowly to simmering point. Strain through cheesecloth or fine sieve, pressing pulp through. Add 2 tablespoons sugar; pasteurize by heating in top of double boiler to 170°F. Fill sterilized jars to overflowing; seal. Place jars in hot water at 170°F. for 5 minutes to sterilize tops.

Grapes

Wash, stem, sort and remove seeds, if desired. Pack lightly in clean, hot jars, pressing down lightly. Fill jars with boiling hot sugar syrup (light or medium). Process in a water-bath canner 20 minutes.

Peaches

Select fresh peaches that are firm and ripe. Grade as to size and degree of ripeness. Place in a colander or lay on a large square of cheesecloth gathering four corners together to make a bag. Plunge into boiling water for 1 minute. Plunge quickly into cold water. Slip off skins. Halve and remove stones. Simmer in medium sugar syrup (1 cup sugar to 2 cups water), 4-8 minutes, depending on ripeness. Pack, boiling hot, in clean, hot jars, rounded side up, in over-lapping layers. Fill jars with boiling hot syrup. Process in a water-bath canner 15-20 minutes, depending on ripeness.

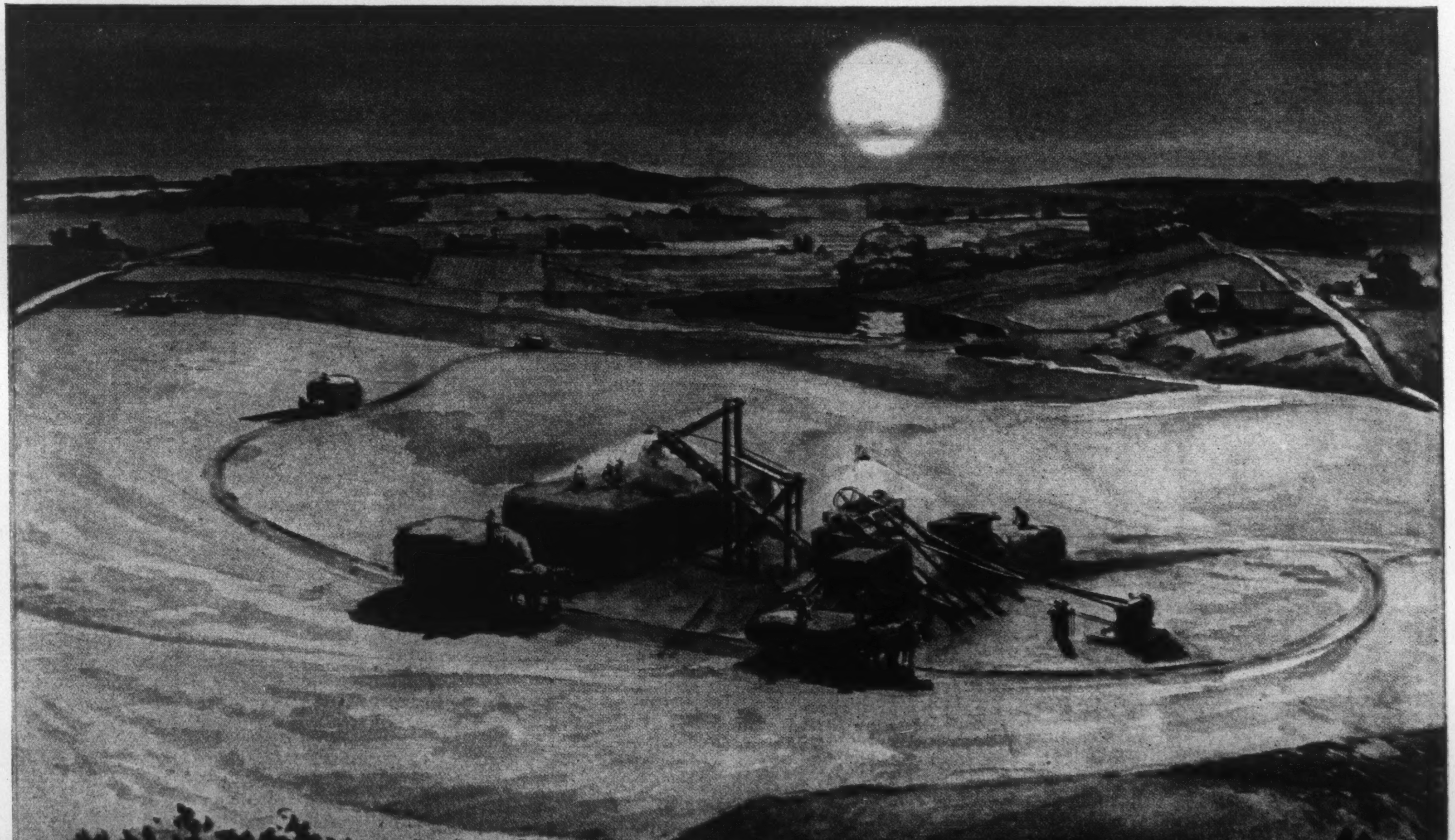
Pears

Peel, halve and core pears. For a professional-looking job, scoop out pear centres with your tablespoon-size measuring spoon. Drop at once into an acid-salt solution (see recipe for apples, above) to prevent discoloration. When ready to pre-cook, drain and rinse. Cook in medium sugar syrup (1 cup sugar to 2 cups water) 4-8 minutes, depending on ripeness. Pack boiling hot in overlapping layers, cut side down, with the small end of each half toward the centre of the container. If pears are to be packed whole, arrange the bottom layer with the large ends down, the next layer with the stem ends down, and so on. Fill jars with boiling hot syrup. Process in water-bath canner 15 minutes.

Apples, plums, prunes and grapes make delicious fruit juices. Wash, drain and crush the fruit. Add ½ cup water to each pound of fruit. Heat at 170°-180°F. for several minutes. Extract juice with a fruit press or strain through several layers of cheesecloth. Strain a second time, without pressure so that the juice will be clear. Measure juice. Add ¼ cup sugar to each quart of juice. Heat to 160°-170°F. Fill into hot, sterilized jars to within ⅛ inch of top. Seal at once. Lay jars on their sides in canner. Process at 180° F. 20 minutes.

Select ripe, sound plums. Prick each plum in several places with a fork to prevent bursting and shrinkage. Simmer in medium sugar syrup (1 cup sugar to 2 cups water) until barely tender. Pack, boiling hot, in clean, hot jars. Fill jars with boiling hot syrup. Process in a water-bath canner 5 minutes.

No dim-out in the Green Giant country



This peaceful moonlight scene of a pea viner at work in the Green Giant country seems far from war. But it is war. A speed-up battle against time to gather and can our acreage of peas to help feed our men, our allies, and you. Our motto is "We'll feed 'em."

Everybody is pitching in. Our farmers are doing the work of two or three men. Schoolboys are working like troopers in the fields. Women have dropped their housework to lend a hand in the canneries. Old hands around the plant are putting in the longest hours they've ever known.

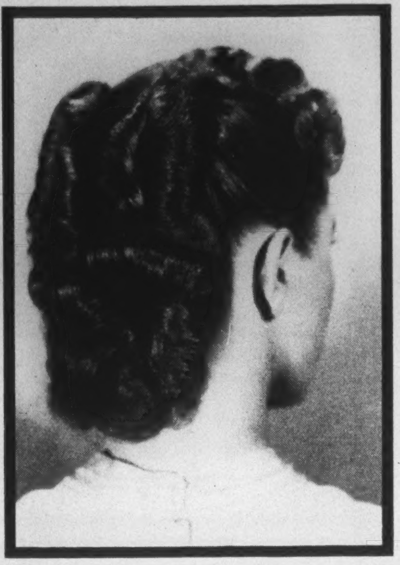
The new 1943 pack of Green Giant Brand Peas is now available in some markets and is en route to other markets. They are the extra young and tender kind grown from a special breed (S-537) and packed when dewy fresh at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor. Look for them in the cans with the Green Giant on the label.

Packed by **Fine Foods of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario.** *Also packers of Green Giant Brand Asparagus, Green Giant Brand Golden Wax Beans, Niblets Brand whole kernel corn, Niblets Brand Mexicorn and Del Maiz Brand Cream Style Corn.*

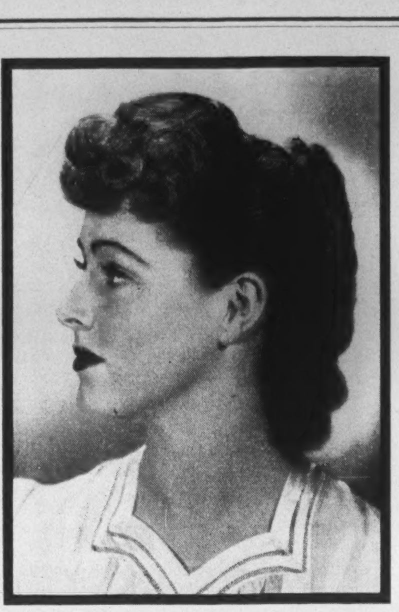
GREEN GIANT
GREAT BIG TENDER SWEET PEAS

"Lug box" of freshly shelled peas as they come from the pea vines in the fields to the plant.

Green Giant Peas
BRAND



This hairstyle, designed by Perc Westmore, director of make-up at Warner Bros.' Studios, stresses a sleek, above-the-ear treatment for Eleanor Parker's shoulder-length hair.



Old-fashioned bangs, cut in a V on the crown of the head, are in small curls. Hair is drawn above the ears to back of the head where it falls to the neck in a row of soft curls

DRESSING TABLE

Hats From The Headlines

BY MARION SIMMS

YESTERDAY it was headlines — three cents' worth of newsprint bristling with war fury and assorted other cataclysms.

Today it is a hat—chic, very expensive, and rainproof and sunproof, besides.

By his own secret process, Walter Florell, former French ballet dancer who became a New York hat designer, is transforming newspapers into chapeaux favored by Manhattan's smart women of society and the theatre. Visiting Hollywood celebrities have endorsed the fashion, too, and either loyally send home for a couple of old Los Angeles newspapers or choose the New York daily of their favorite film reviewer.

As a precaution against the hazards of strangers peering around a lady's head to read her crown, a foamy veil envelops this wide-brimmed number. This way, even the most startling headlines have a soft and civilized touch.

Reading Matter

Intrigued with the possibilities of something new in a sort of scrap book hat, a number of stage and screen actresses have been bringing him their most flattering professional newspaper notices.

Even the secretary of the Broadway stage producer, Oscar Serlin, marched up the stairs past the decorative white masonry horse to Mr. Florell's be-mirrored salon with stacks of press notices of her boss's hits.

Mrs. Ed Sullivan, wife of the Manhattan tabloid columnist, ordered a little number made up from her husband's daily writings in the "News".

So far, there have been no requests for hats of the comic sections or Apartments-for-Rent, but Mr. Florell wouldn't be surprised. He has had an inquiry, though, concerning a feminine hat model composed entirely of "Esquire" covers.

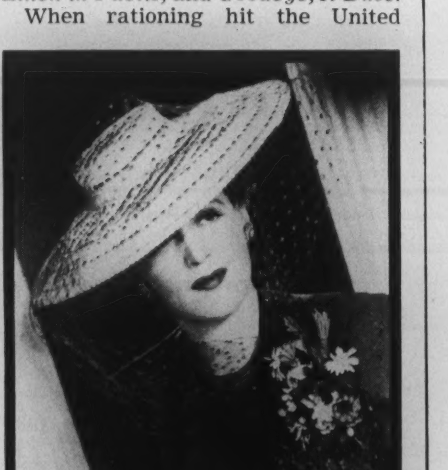
Foot Work

It was while Walter Florell was dancing in the Paris ballet that his personally designed headgear caused so much comment he began to think it might be even more profitable for him to forget about his feet and concentrate on other people's heads.

Many novelties have come from his designing pencil. He was the first to introduce fur jewelry, creating earrings, bracelets, and necklaces of mink to complete a mink ensemble. For a lady in ermine, he would suggest his ermine tail earrings, with necklace and bracelet to match. Then there was his choker of Persion lamb, studded with multi-colored stones.

But it is with his hats that he found real fame in the fashion world. He likes to give them names. One, studded with pearls and sequins and semi-precious stones, he refers to as *Command Performance.* Others have such names as *Opium, B Picture, Clean Linen in Public,* and *Goodbye, Il Duce.*

When rationing hit the United States, Florell promptly announced French veil rationing, handing around ration cards (six units a customer) to his distinguished clientele.



What's wrong with this picture? Fashion, etiquette and horticulture authorities unanimously say it's a sin to wear a corsage upside down.

Garbo's Cap

Last season, the Florell contribution to fashion novelties was the walking-stick powder-puff, excellent for ladies who still wish to continue their strolls in dimmed-out streets and who like to have handy the appurtenances for fresh makeup after the ordeal of routing an annoyance. In this contrivance, a hidden spring snaps open a tiny silver compact in the head of the stick.

During the four years Florell has been in New York, his customers have ranged widely from Gypsy Rose Lee to the Duchess of Windsor, Duchess of Kent, and Princess Martha of Sweden. Regular visitors for years to his shop have been Gloria Swanson, Gertrude Lawrence, Ethel Merman, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Garbo.

Occasionally, the Swedish actress likes to have her own hat designs carried out. Florell treasures in his studio a rough sketch of hers resembling an old-fashioned dunce cap. Or, to be more flattering, a neat little pyramid.

Garbo, said Florell, ordered this made up in a felt. No newspaper headlines for Garbo.

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THE OTHER PAGE

Hymn to the Glory of Free Enterprise

BY J. D. K. IN "THE NEW COMMONWEALTH"

The Ontario campaign did not produce much in the way of good campaign verse but this C.C.F. "Hymn" is an exception. We reprint it purely for its literary merit and not on account of any approval of its doctrine. It is not surprising that the best campaign poetry should come from the party which has as its national chairman Professor Frank Scott, himself one of the most brilliant—and sardonic — of Canada's poetical "New Voices".

OF FREEDOM this and freedom that the drooling Leftist chatters,
But freedom for Free Enterprise is all that really matters.
This freedom was ordained by God, upon it rest all others,
For man's divinest impulse is to overreach his brothers.
And so to this celestial urge we make our off'ring votive;—
Behind all human greatness lies the noble Profit Motive.

Chorus of Bankers, Stockbrokers, Executives and Advertising Men:

Then hail we now Free Enterprise
Extol and give it praise!
In it the world's salvation lies,
Without it every freedom dies;
O glorious Free Enterprise—
The Enterprise that Pays!

Solo: Mr. W-lt-r P. Z-ll-r

For victory we're giving all, at little more than cost,
But how will victory help us if Free Enterprise is lost?
The war's demands for well-laid plans most loyally we've heeded,
But peace is quite a different thing—no planning then is needed;
So while today the State's control has stretched us on the rack,
The moment peace appears in sight we want our freedom back!

Chorus:

Then hail we now Free Enterprise,
Extol and give it praise!
In armed revolt we'll all arise
If any post-war party tries
To undermine Free Enterprise—
The Enterprise that Pays!

Solo: Mr. R. P. J-ll-tt

At periods when Free Enterprise may not provide employment
We dread the thought of hungry men—it lessens our enjoyment;
The Government must then step in, with this consideration—
That any public works proposed do not increase taxation;
Depressions, Brethren, after all, much as we may deplore them,
Are Acts of God—who ever heard of blaming Business for them?

Chorus:

Then hail we now Free Enterprise,
Extol and give it praise!
Of course, when profits shrink in size
To lay men off is only wise;
We dearly love Free Enterprise—
But only when it Pays!

Solo: Mr. H-ntly R. Dr-mm-nd

We face today a dreadful threat from fools who would destroy us,
Of "Socialized Security" they prate in accents joyous;
Security! Its cost, my friends, would drive us to perdition!
Besides, it kills initiative and suffocates ambition;
Security breaks down the will, the urge that keeps men free,
It stifles effort, starves the soul—except in men like me.

Chorus:

Then hail we now Free Enterprise,
Extol and give it praise!
While Marsh and Beveridge theorize,
Their deadly, Bolshevistic lies
Are poisoning Free Enterprise—
The Enterprise that Pays!

The Voice of Business

Free Enterprise must not involve unbridled competition,
And cutting prices is a sin for which there's no remission;
A. "Gentlemen's Agreement" is the best of all devices
To stabilize our dividends, our markets and our prices;
For taking risks we have no taste; we set our whole affection
On well-disguised monopoly, maintained by high protection.

Chorus:

Then hail we now Free Enterprise,
Extol and give it praise!
In it the world's salvation lies,
Without it every freedom dies;
O glorious Free Enterprise!
O wonderful Free Enterprise!
O marvellous Free Enterprise—
The Enterprise that Pays!

You Did Not Tell Me

BY LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

(The Lament of a Young Man Whose World is Falling Apart.)

YOU were my leaders—at least so I thought.
My impetuous and anxious eyes followed your every gesture.
My undisciplined and passionate ears captured your every tone.
You gave me a false world of unreal dreams.
You gave me a dishonest world of impossible hopes.
You robbed me of that bitter antiseptic truth
Which might have saved me when the bombs began to fall.

You were my masters as I tried my wings
In the first flights of my soft tender mind.
You taught me to be cynical about the great words
By which strong men in all the tragic years
Have become mightier than the ugly foes who beat them down,
Believing in the good which lives in God
Above the treachery which disrupts the world.

You taught me to believe that golden days
Could be produced by men whose hearts I thought were golden too.
You never told me how the glitter hides
The strange black shining of the serpent's eye.
You never told me that the knife of God
In cutting surgery must take away
The dark malignant growths which whisper coldly of the death to come.

You never taught me how to look within
And find the Armageddon surging in my heart of hearts.
And so the Armageddon of the world
Found me a soft and sentimental jellyfish and not a man.

* * *

NOW I must find the God whom you betrayed.
Now I must find the truth which you made false,
On the land and on the sea and in the furious air
With flaming death explosive day and night.
The moral love which breaks the evil to enthrone the good
And is imperial as hate's whirlwind blows,
Must speak - the word you did not know —
Must give me courage in a world you did not understand.

(Note: The author of these verses s Dean of Drew Theological Semin-ry, New Jersey, and one of the eading theologians of the United States. He was for several years pastor of the American Presbyterian Church of Montreal, and is this month preaching to the combined ongregations of Trinity and Bloor Street United Churches, Toronto.)

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(left) A casual version from the Annual August Presentation of Winter Coats: a fur-lined casual borne with the look of quality, styled to grow old with grace! Camel's-hair-and-wool, with whip-in whip-out lining of dark brown French Beaver (rabbit). An all-season coat for a many-seasoned country!

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 14, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Public Debt a Powerful Business Deterrent

BY STANLEY McCONNELL

One of the major issues in the immediate postwar period will be the position of public debt in our national life, its effect on business enterprise and its future economic role.

In this article, the third of the present series, the writer contrasts two authoritative viewpoints, one of which approves public borrowing as an instrument of economic progress, while the other sees it as a threat to the whole financial structure, public and private.

This writer holds that public debt, instead of solving the basic problem of purchasing power deficiency, aggravates it by raising prices through consumer taxes while curtailing the consumer's income by increasing tax levies.

SOME years ago, as reported in the *Boston News Bureau*, a group of businessmen of national prominence sat in an upper room of one of New York's clubs discussing the grave problem of recurring business depressions, seventeen of which the country had experienced in the last 150 years. After a lull in the conversation, one of them addressed the group: "This is what we are trying to say: Why is it, with all the raw materials available, with all the manufacturng facilities, with men and women anxious to work, with ample credit available, with millions of people eager to consume what they have the ability to make: why is it that the world cannot go ahead using its materials to make the things that we all need and want?".

The world is still waiting for the answer. It lies in the co-ordination of our productive capacity with its monetary expression. If one could answer the question of why consumer buying power consistently lags behind productive capacity, one would have the key to the whole economic malady of which unemployment is the most acute symptom. If adequate consumer income is available, no compulsion is required to induce people to spend it. The normal incentives and mechanisms of a trading community will then apply to maintain full activity and economic health.

To those who are hoping for a better world to follow the present war there are two alternatives presented: to identify and remove the cause of the purchasing power dilemma or to resume the course of economic muddling with precisely the same financial and monetary techniques in public policy and private enterprise which culminated in the most acute depression of all time and were in large measure responsible for the outbreak of the second world war.

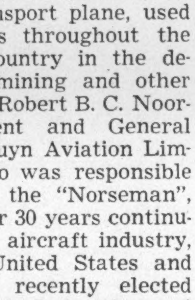
It is a moment charged with great potentialities and grave dangers. If the present trend is allowed to continue, it will inevitably end in the collectivist state. Yet signs are not lacking that even the major shock of a world war has failed to dislodge the incubus of past errors or even to cause serious examination of traditional practices which have contributed so greatly to the present situation.

In the preceding article the effect of a fluctuating money volume in accentuating the cycle of boom and depression was discussed. A depres-

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Robert B. C. Noorduyn

MANY a saga of the hardy northern pilots is written around the achievements of the "Norseman", the standard bush transport plane, used on skis and floats throughout the Canadian north country in the development of its mining and other natural resources. Robert B. C. Noorduyn, Vice-President and General Manager of Noorduyn Aviation Limited, Montreal, who was responsible for the design of the "Norseman", has a record of over 30 years continuous activity in the aircraft industry, in England, the United States and Canada. He was recently elected President of the Air Industries and Transport Association of Canada.



Born in Holland, in 1893, of Dutch and English parentage (his mother is a Churchill), he became interested in aviation in his early teens, in the earliest days of flying. After achieving outstanding success as a builder of flying models and studying engineering at college he obtained his first job in the aircraft industry, in the engineering department of the Sopwith Aviation Company in England, in 1913.

The war years, 1914 to 1917, saw him as design project engineer and Chief Inspector in the aviation department of the great engineering firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth and Company, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. Later as Production Manager, Noorduyn was responsible for bringing into large scale production one of the earliest types of fully armed two-seater war planes, known familiarly in the R.A.F. as the Armstrong-Whitworth "Big Ack".

But his interest in experimental design and development took him back in 1917 to London, as assistant to the Managing Director and Chief Engineer with the British Aerial Transport Company, which immediately after the war developed the first specially designed commercial transport plane used between London and the Continent, known familiarly as the "Big Bat", a six-passenger cabin biplane with Rolls Royce engine.

Noorduyn came to the United States in 1920 with the famous Dutch designer and manufacturer, Anthony Fokker. In his management of the rapidly expanding Fokker factories, he had a big hand in equipping the pioneering trans-ocean and polar flights of Byrd, Wilkins and Kingsford-Smith. His first contacts in Canada also date from those days, when the Fokkers became the favorite "bush" transport planes in Western Canada. In his later association with the Bellanca Aircraft Corporation, Delaware, he worked in collaboration with D. M. Martin of Montreal, Managing Director of Canadian Wright Limited, who developed a sizable business for Bellanca airplanes in Canada.

Finally, Noorduyn's intense belief in the potentialities of air transport in Canada, and the efforts of D. M. Martin, led, early in 1935, to the establishment of Noorduyn Aircraft Limited in Montreal, now Noorduyn Aviation Limited. The small group of expert personnel he gathered around him at that time has since developed into a highly efficient production organization, numbering some 8,800 men and women, which today, as part of Canada's immense war effort, turns out more than ten times as many aircraft per month as were produced in a whole year before the war. The Norseman at the present time is used as equipment for the wireless school under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

If you ask Noorduyn what he thinks the aftermath of the war period will be for his company, he will tell you that, being a firm believer in Canada's future and having seen many dreams come true, he believes it will find a place in the world's markets for aircraft.

The familiar beach umbrellas from Southern California's coast resorts have gone to war in the yards of the California Shipbuilding Corporation, shading outdoor welders at their work. Heavy welding suits and masks are hot enough on warm summer days without direct sunshine reflected from metal ships' plates, and so the shade is welcome. The novel scene they present suggest the nickname "Calship Beach", to the men and women welders shown working on Calship's 225th vessel. Probably this will be the only use they will have for beach umbrellas for the duration.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Co-operation for Progress

BY P. M. RICHARDS

LAST week this column told about the new note of optimism in British business discussions about that country's post-war economic position. In place of concentrating on the difficulties to result from the post-war decline in investment income from overseas and the reduced earnings from shipping services and the impediments to the building of the necessary volume of exports, British businessmen are now talking about their country's greatly-increased skill and all-around efficiency in production and proclaiming that Britain has the power to overstep all obstacles providing the right policies are pursued. And they're right, of course. The proof is there for all to see, in Britain's achievements in battle, in the factory and on the farm.

The most significant fact in the development of this new attitude in Britain—this swing from the defensive to the aggressive outlook—is that business, labor and government are all more or less of one mind about it. It seems to be generally understood that each of the three must do its part if there is to be success. While there's a widespread demand there, as there is here, for the extension of socialistic state practices after the war, there's a much more general awareness of the difficulties ahead and the essentiality of co-operation in overcoming them.

We urgently need a similar understanding here. Right now we need it more than anything else. The war is going very well, and peace may not be far off. Here in Canada we know that with peace will come pressing economic and social problems, but so far there is no general recognition and acceptance of the fact that to deal with those problems successfully we must have co-operation between business, labor and government. Given such co-operation, we have as much reason as Britain to face the future confidently. Considering relative population and wealth and productive equipment, our wartime achievements have been no less great; the fibre of our people, we believe, is no less sound; our natural resources are much greater.

Aim to Produce More

We, like Britain, have enormously increased our productive ability during the war. With all the new plant and new skills brought into being, we are now equipped and trained to produce much more wealth than we did formerly. This is the basic fact upon which we must build. Certainly we need a wider, more equitable distribution of the wealth produced and we should constantly explore all reasonable avenues to this end. But our central purpose should be to produce more so that there shall be a sufficiency for all (a standard we've never achieved yet), and not merely to redistribute an insufficiency.

This may seem so obvious as not to be worth saying, yet most of the current argument relates to redistribution rather than creation of wealth. To most people a Beveridge Plan seems to be a guarantee of social security, though actually it produces no wealth and only disposes of it if made. To support a social security plan that works and an adequate standard of living for all, we must produce more wealth. There can be no security otherwise.

The attainmennt of our war-created potentialities for greater production cannot be the responsibility of business alone. Almost everyone plays a part, directly or indirectly, in the success or non-success of business. Business (management) depends upon the co-operation of labor as well as upon the acceptance of its products or services by consumers. Canada depends largely for prosperity upon foreign markets and those markets cannot be won and held if government does not pursue sound trade and fiscal policies.

Working in the Dark

This column has previously remarked on the fact that, in respect particularly of foreign trade, Canadian business is working in the dark in trying to make plans for the post-war. It doesn't know, for instance, the amount of new productive capacity developed in the various countries, to what extent raw materials and resources will be depleted, how much need for rebuilding and restoration there will be, and what will be the international financial and transportation situations after the war. Canada's exporters want to know whether other countries are going to abolish import and exchange restrictions and quotas and reduce their customs tariffs; there has been talk of these things but as yet no action. Many Canadian exporters have greatly increased their volume through the British Empire preferential tariffs; what is to be the future of these preferences? To what extent will exchanges be stabilized? Will the system of lend-lease be continued after the war?

Finding the answers is in the sphere of government rather than of business; government, not business, will sit in at the peace conference and make the post-war trade agreements. And it's government that levies the taxes. Business is expected to furnish an adequate volume of employment after the war, yet it is upon the efficient functioning of government in these fields that the ability of business to achieve a satisfactory volume of exports and thereby to provide employment will largely depend.

It has been the custom in the past to blame business (private enterprise) for depressions and unemployment. Now the experiences of wartime have given us a better understanding of the responsibility of government for these conditions. The situation seems to be that if, after the war, government does its whole-hearted best to create conditions favorable to the most productive operation of the free enterprise system, and if labor and the other groups of the community co-operate to that end, we may reasonably expect to move into a new era of prosperity and progress. For we have all the physical means necessary, plus marvellous new skills, new processes, new materials and new opportunities. It's a matter of policy and willingness to co-operate. Are we going to measure up?

sion destroys consumer income through unemployment while a large part of the nation's productive plant stands idle. A further contributing factor is to be found in the government's fiscal policies.

As evidence of a current trend it is pertinent to examine the analysis and attempted solution of the purchasing power deficiency by an influential school of thought which is recommending public debt as a means of promoting business activity. Its viewpoint is based on the teaching of John M. Keynes, an exposition of which is given in one of the series of studies by the editors of *Time, Life* and *Fortune*. According to this report "the Keynesian viewpoint toward an economy such as ours starts by concentrating attention on the production of goods and services, commonly spoken of as national income. It relegates to secondary place the consideration of balance-sheet items, such as public debt, currency, gold and other trappings of the banking and credit system." *

The theory behind this viewpoint, accepting the economic axiom that production equals consumption plus new investment, presumed to be equal to savings, is that the cause of the purchasing power deficiency lies in the fact that the rate of saving and the rate of investment do not always correspond. In other words, an economy often "oversaves" with the result that business slows down and the national income falls, with unemployment and other ills as a natural sequence.

According to this analysis, since the primary objective is to maintain full employment and the largest possible national income, when this occurs "the government is more than justified in stepping in to offset savings and maintain consumption." * The means suggested are the encouragement of private enterprise in every way possible, an extended program of social services and finally when at last depression threatens (an eventuality presumed inevitable) the state must intervene with "a flexible program of public works" even though this involves further public deficits.

Those who fear the effect of an increasing public debt are assured that the analogy between public and private debt "is false so long as the productive capacity of the nation is maintained, the debt is internally held, and the government retains its taxing power. For with production flowing, since *the interest on the debt is paid to residents of the country, the government can always recover an equivalent sum in taxes, no matter how huge.*" ✻

An Emergency Job

The proposal bears the marks of an emergency repair job while the assurance is too naive to be convincing. Its premise defeats its conclusion since productive capacity cannot be maintained indefinitely by increased government spending and taxation schedules. The remedy, instead of removing the cause of the malady, aggravates it. The weakness of its viewpoint is that it fails to identify the cause of the purchasing power deficiency and is therefore reduced to expedients, for *public debt itself is one of the primary causes of the inadequacy of consumer income.*

This fact is fully supported by the report of the Brookings Institution of Washington which points out that "while public employment gives wages to workers, it does not necessarily give additional goods and services of the kind that the workers seek to purchase. . . Furthermore the burden imposed upon the general taxpayer has become very large and is increasing cumulatively as new public enterprises are completed. As a rule, public enterprises pay no taxes and yield no revenues; and as the tax-free public property increases, the tax burden upon private enterprise becomes progressively heavier. . .

"This issue has never been squarely faced. For one reason its magnitude did not assume sufficient importance to make it a matter of real significance. Another reason is the ingrained idea that the government is a sort of Santa Claus. There is also the fact of vast credit resources at the government's disposal so that it can finance its expenditures for a long time *without facing the ultimate cost.* But in the end the accumulating indebtedness means more taxes or a breakdown of government credit, causing inflation and eventual disintegration of both public and private finance." ‡

When authorities disagree the layman can only draw upon experience and form his own judgment on the evidence presented. The public spending and deficit advocates appear to have overlooked a few essential facts. First, the new wartime debts will impose a burden of debt and taxation which the business world has never before experienced. The effect of these new schedules and any additional burdens imposed under the illusion of assisting free enterprise will be to further widen the gap between purchasing power and productive capacity.

Another point which the "oversaving" school would seem to have ignored is that savings are no longer hoarded in a stocking or left idle in a bank. They are put to work either in productive enterprise or in unproductive debt. The greater the proportion of the national savings diverted to public debt, the less the production of goods and service (which this school holds to be all-important) and the greater the disabilities under which private enterprise must continue to operate. On the other hand, were it not for the opportunity presented by public loans, savings would be compelled to find investment in wealth-creating outlets or forfeit a return.

At every point the remedies proposed defeat the end in view and lead to an economic *cul de sac* from which the laws of mathematics provide no exit. If followed they could only generate increasing social tensions and aggravate the problems of the postwar world. There is a point at which the future can no longer be mortgaged to escape the duty of facing unpleasant facts in the present. That point has already been reached and in the opinion of many, exceeded.

The Money Illusion

The advocates of the public deficit, pump-priming method of business recovery have obviously confused two distinct economic categories, purchasing power and money. Money is merely the numerator of a fraction of which the denominator is wealth. Purchasing power is the whole fraction, the relationship between wealth and money. The money illusion appears in different forms. It is the failure to grasp this relationship which has led to the monetary disorders of inflation and deflation and prompted such ventures as the Townsend plan and the Aberhart social credit scheme. It is the failure to appreciate the relationship between debt, taxation and purchasing power which has fostered the illusion that an unproductive debt-interest-taxation circuit, compounding and expanding at the expense of productive enterprise, raising all prices while curtailing the consumer's income by increasing tax levies, can be an aid to business. Of the two illusions, the latter is the more insidious and deadly, for the social reflexes no longer react to it. Yet it is a financial shortcut to the totalitarian state.

The cause of the purchasing power dilemma which bars the way to a new age of plenty lies partly in the field of public policy: first, in the failure to regulate the volume of the national currency to ensure the stability of prices in terms of a monetary standard; in the resort to consumer taxes as a means of raising public revenue, a method which raises prices, curtails buying power and production and violates the first principle of taxation, contribution in proportion to capacity to pay; and in the increasing scale of public borrowing which further adds to the taxation loan and challenges the whole future of private enterprise.

These sins of omission and commission are written into the fiscal policy of every nation. They are sanctioned by long usage and fortified by expediency and the pressure of sectional interests. Yet their results appear in economic disorders and social trends which no true citizen of democracy can contemplate without dismay, for they violate the structural principle of a free money economy, the rule of equal rights.

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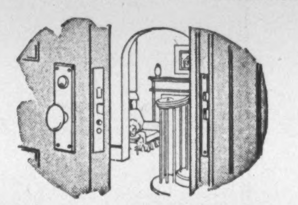
* The Domestic Situation, Supplement to *Fortune*, December, 1942.

✻ Id. Writer's italics.

‡ *Fortune*, November, 1935. Writer's italics.

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company (Canadian Division) St. Catharines, Ontario

After-War Problems For Householders



SECURITY

begins at home

Make no mistake, after the war, security—like charity—will begin at home. The best defence against everything that might invade family life will be sound, reliable, lasting Yale Locks or Latches on all doors and windows . . .

During the war your Yale Hardware Dealer will only be able to show you a restricted line of Yale products—restricted because Yale & Towne is putting over 90% of its effort into war work.

After the war there will be the full line of Yale Builder's Hardware available in the same high quality that has built Yale reputation through five generations.

A "Lift" For War Industry

Yale Chain Hoists and Lift Trucks are also helping in our war plants to "pass the ammunition" faster to our front lines.

TRADE **YALE** MARK

LOCKS, PADLOCKS & BUILDERS HARDWARE

(The Yale name has been famous for the quality of its products for generations. "Yale marked is Yale made"—and there is no finer guarantee of quality.)

LET'S ALL DO MORE TO WIN THE WAR

BEFORE THE WAR: *Piling the family into the car to go for a drive, or a picnic, was lots of fun.*

TODAY: *Gasoline is too valuable to waste on pleasure-driving. A picnic in your back-yard can still be loads of fun for the whole family.*

THE MORE WE'RE IN IT THE QUICKER WE'LL WIN IT!

Our boys overseas are certainly not having any picnic. They have sacrificed plenty for us. Here, at home, we should cheerfully accept every sacrifice we are asked to make to help get this war over . . . and won! Saving gas is one of them. After all, there's plenty of fun to be had in our own back-yard!

This space contributed to the war effort by

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY – DOW BREWERY
FRONTENAC BREWERY

NB-3

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AND
CORPORATION
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16

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ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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AGENCY BUILDING - - - - EDMONTON, ALBERTA
211A EIGHTH AVE. W. - - - - CALGARY, ALBERTA
McCALLUM HILL BLDG. - - - - REGINA, SASK.
411 AVENUE BUILDING - - - - SASKATOON, SASK.

ARE GOLD STOCKS
A BUY?

Last November, we advertised in the daily papers stating we agreed with the Editor of "Gold & Dross" in Toronto Saturday Night when he said that "investors who realize the possibilities for gold stocks if held over the long term would not be ill-advised to buy now."

Again we agree with the Editor of "Gold & Dross" that mining stocks are still a good buy and quote from Saturday Night of July 31st:

"I do not think anybody would be making a mistake in accumulating selected gold stocks for the long-term range and believe such action should prove highly profitable."

We have prepared a booklet giving data on the following ten Canadian Gold Stocks

Aunor Gold
Cochenour Willans
East Malartic
Kerr-Addison
Leitch Gold
Macassa
Madsen Red Lake
Malartic Gold Fields
Preston East Dome
San Antonio

This booklet will gladly be sent without obligation upon request.

S. R. Mackellar & Co.
Established 1926
Members The Toronto Stock Exchange
25 Melinda St. ADelaide 4911
TORONTO

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

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SAVING BEST

Determine the amount of money you intend to save, and budget your controllable expenses accordingly. We'll help you. Open a Savings Account with us. Your money will be available at any time it is required. When you subscribe to a war purpose or a government loan, issue your cheque and keep within your budget.

CANADA
PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $62,000,000

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 321

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, the FIRST day of SEPTEMBER next to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st July, 1943.

By Order of the Board
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.

Montreal, 20th July, 1943.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

W. D. BEATH & SON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am interested in W. D. Beath & Son and would appreciate some information — whether it is doing a good volume of business, trend of sales, working capital, also the amount of the unpaid dividends on the "A" shares. I hope this is not too much to ask.

—T.F.J., Orillia, Ont.

As to volume of business, the company stated recently that orders on hand were sufficient to require capacity operations for the balance of this year. Net sales increased in 1942 about 34% over 1941 and operating profits were well up at $377,825 as compared with $312,610 the previous year. Depreciation, however, was up from $84,608 to $116,810, and taxes rose from $91,730 to $123,867. As a result, net on the "A" stock was $1.29 against $1.36 in 1941. Net working capital increased in the year by $143,699 to $676,855, not including cash surrender value of life insurance of $77,626.

On July 1, 1942, after a lapse of eleven years, the company paid a dividend of 80 cents per share on the "A" stock, and on July 15, 1943, another 80 cents, leaving arrears at that date of $19 per share on the "A."

MacFARLANE LONG LAC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you inform me if shares of MacFarlane Long Lac Gold Mines have any value now, and if so, how much?

—W. A., Brantford, Ont.

I doubt very much if any market could be found at present for shares of MacFarlane Long Lac Gold Mines. This company was succeeded five years ago by MacFarlane Consolidated Mines Limited, on the basis of one new share for four old, but the exchange has not yet been made. While the new company made several efforts to secure new finances to continue exploration these failed to meet with any success and the property has been idle since the reorganization.

The property is a gold prospect, consisting of nine claims, approximately 350 acres, on the east shore of Long Lake, in the Little Long Lac area. A shaft was sunk to 140 feet with some lateral work done on the 135-foot level, but I understand results of this work were not particularly encouraging. No further exploration is likely at least until after the war ends.

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly advise in your paper what effect the charges made by the S.E.C. against the Investors Syndicate may have on Canadian certificate holders. Is the company required to maintain a deposit in Canada for the protection of certificate holders here?

—B.S.H., Winnipeg, Man.

The charges made by the Securities and Exchange Commission of the United States against Investors Syndicate, of Minneapolis, do not in any way affect the operations of the Canadian company. Investors Syndicate of Canada Limited commenced operations on Jan. 1, 1941, and all sales since that time are the liability of the Canadian company.

However, even so far as the parent company is concerned, there has been no question raised regarding its solvency. As of May 31, 1943, the total amount that all certificate holders could have demanded of Investors Syndicate was $143,746,532. The company owned quick marketable assets of $172,338,124 on that date, or $28,591,592 more than total contract liabilities to certificate holders. This represents a margin of over 19.8 per cent. These assets had a market value of at least $4,000,000 more than book value on May 31, 1943. In addition to these assets, represented by cash, bonds, FHA insured mortgages, and other mortgages, the company owned on that date over $5,000,000 worth of other sound assets.

Investors Syndicate maintains in Canada, under a trust agreement, marketable securities in an amount equal to its entire liability to Canadian certificate holders. As a matter of fact, the current market value of these securities is considerably in excess of the certificate liabilities. This deposit agreement cannot be terminated by the company without the consent of the Ontario Securities Commission.

STADACONA ROUYN

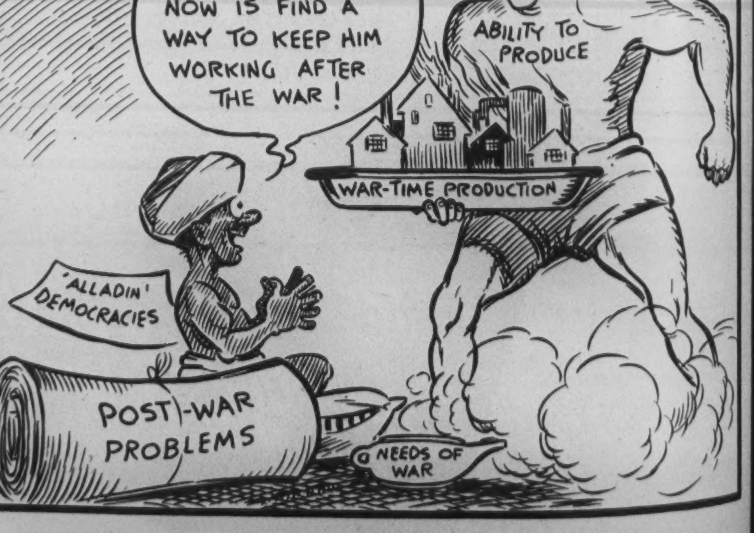
Editor, Gold & Dross:

When can we expect to have the affairs of Stadacona Rouyn Mines straightened out, so that we may know definitely if our shares have any value?

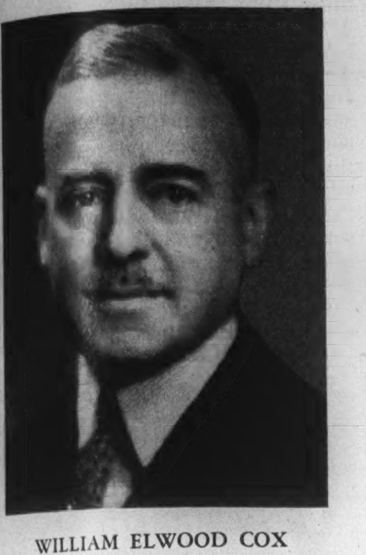
—F. C. H., Brandon, Man.

Shareholders of Stadacona Rouyn Mines Limited, were recently asked by George Duclos, liquidator, to give their opinions in connection with the future policy of the company. He points out that there is further work to be done in the interests of all those involved such as adjusting or rejecting what are known as disputed claims, continuation of clarification of the note situation and the trade claims.

Mr. Duclos states there are other ways possible by which the liquidation could be brought to a close at an



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S GENERALLY A WAY!



WILLIAM ELWOOD COX

One of Canada's most prominent advertising men, who was drowned while trying to rescue his son at Buttermilk Falls in Ontario on August 2nd. Mr. Cox was vice-president of Norris-Patterson Limited and assistant manager of the agency, of which his brother-in-law, J. P. Patterson, is president. His tragic death was a great shock to his very many friends and associates in advertising and business circles, and he is particularly missed at advertising gatherings where he was a popular figure for many years, and at Rotary, of which he had been a prominent member since 1914.

CANADA WIRE & CABLE COMPANY LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICES

PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 58

TAKE NOTICE that the regular Quarterly Dividend of $1.625 per Share on the outstanding Preferred Stock of the Company for the three months' period ending 31st August, 1943, has been declared as Dividend No. 58, payable 15th September, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business 31st August, 1943.

CLASS "A" DIVIDEND NO. 32

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that a Dividend of $1.00 per Share on the outstanding Class "A" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 32, payable 15th September, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business 31st August, 1943.

CLASS "B" DIVIDEND NO. 22

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that an Interim Dividend of .25 Cents per Share on the outstanding Class "B" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 22, payable 15th September, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business 31st August, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

A. I. SIMMONS,
Secretary.

Toronto, 5th August, 1943.

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 224

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one half per cent (being at the rate of six per cent per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Wednesday, the first day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of July, 1943.

By order of the Board

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager

Montreal Que., July 13, 1943.

Lake Shore Mines Limited

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 94

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty Cents per share, on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the fifteenth day of September, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the sixteenth day of August, 1943.

By order of the Board.

KIRKLAND SECURITIES LIMITED,
Secretary.

Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario,
August 2nd, 1943.

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

earlier date and in making the following suggestions asks shareholders to indicate their preference. The first plan has to do with the sale of the property by public tender and the distribution of the proceeds; secondly, the consideration of and submission to the court of such other plans of compromise or arrangements in which event the shareholders would be expected to accept such equity as may be made available, and third that the liquidator should continue to operate the property until sufficient funds are accumulated to pay off all creditors and return the property to the shareholders, free and clear of all debts. The last mentioned proposal is likely to prove most popular with the shareholders.

NEGUS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have a few shares of Negus Gold Mines and would appreciate your comments as to the present situation and the possibilities for the future.

—M. F. A., Gravenhurst, Ont.

Negus Gold Mines continues to give an excellent performance. In the face of adverse labor and supply conditions the mine has maintained its production schedule and the payment of dividends, with ore reserves at the end of 1942, the highest in the history of the company. Despite its remote location and the fact that milling is only around 70 tons a day, the grade of ore is high.

Ore reserves at the end of 1942 were 2,050 tons broken and 25,450 tons estimated unbroken, sufficient for over a year's milling. Net liquid assets exceed $400,000. The company appears assured of a profitable life for some years but the labor scarcity will remain a big factor in successful mine operation. The southern section of the mine, where some of the most promising of surface showings were in evidence, has been somewhat disappointing, but further attention will be given this area. An option has been taken on the Payne group of 35 claims, located four or five miles to the south of the Negus property.

HASAGA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please advise me through your columns how Hasaga Gold Mines is doing, particularly as to labor; also regarding the advisability of holding until after the war for dividend returns.

—S.F., Bridgetown, N.S.

While the labor situation is limiting the amount of development work at Hasaga Gold Mines, the company reported an improved position last year. Ore reserves increased slightly to 466,816 tons, sufficient for nearly three and a half years' milling at the current rate. Net working capital advanced from $195,283 to $528,212. A higher tonnage of ore was milled in 1942 but production was down and net profit of 7.23 cents per share compared with 10.98 cents the previous year.

There has been no talk as yet of a dividend but it appears reasonable to anticipate such at a later date. In the meantime the management evidently desires to build up a substantial reserve fund. The issued shares, with the exception of around 300,000 are held largely by J. E. Hammell and companies which are under his control. The present net working capital is equivalent to 18 cents a share.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND of the New York stock market: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are regarded by us as having registered a zone of distribution over the early half of the year, from which eventual cyclical decline should be witnessed.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28, 1942 lows and ran to July 15, 1943. A reversal in this trend to a downward direction was recently (August 2) indicated. For further discussion of intermediate outlook, see below.

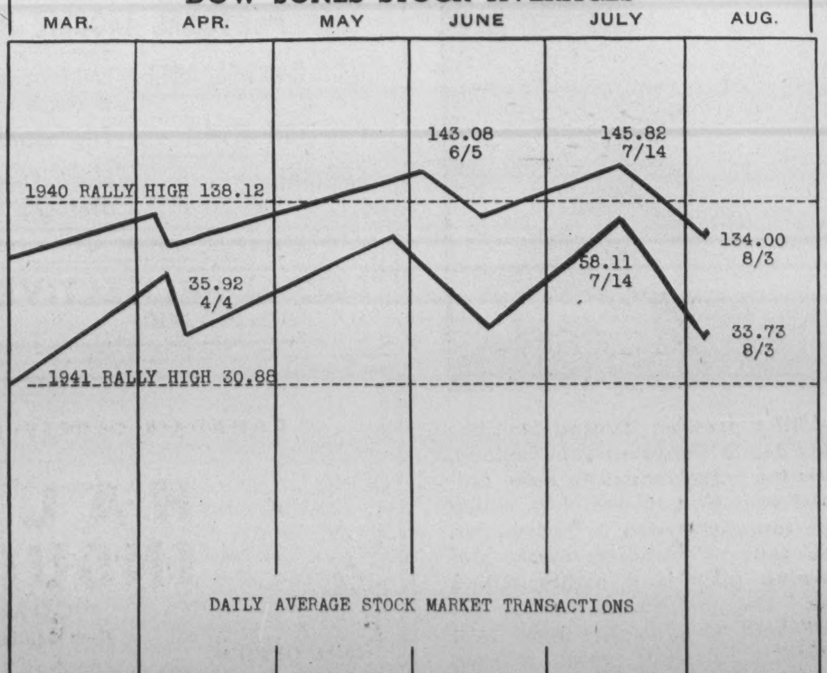
PERIOD OF MARKET UNSETTLEMENT INDICATED

On August 2 the Dow-Jones rail average broke decisively under its previous support point, thereby confirming similar weakness previously displayed by the industrial average. This is the first occasion since the advance got under way in April of last year that preceding low points have been broken by both averages. Volume, on the break through, while not inordinately heavy, was, nevertheless, of sufficient magnitude to imply underlying weakness. The implication of these developments is that the intermediate upward trend of the past fifteen and one-half months has been reversed to a downward direction.

There are two considerations to be pointed out in connection with the recent indication of the averages as discussed above. First, a downward plunge from new highs, as was true of the movement under discussion, is usually followed by a rally back toward such highs for testing purposes. It is on such a rally that market students generally effect such selling as they may want to do. Second, an intermediate decline, while normally cancelling from ⅜ to ⅝ of the previous advance, as discussed rather fully last week, is not obliged, under any rules, to do so. Occasionally such declines have fallen short of these limits and, after due backing and filling by the averages, resumption of the main direction has been signalled.

In any event, the averages, on their current reading, point to an unsettled market and, pending change in such reading, a cautious investment attitude is in order. Based on our selling advices prior to the recent weakness, followers of this Forecast should have cash buying reserves at this time. Any immediate break to the 128/125 area might be used for the employment of 25% of such reserves.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



Consolidated Paper Corporation Limited

5½% First Mortgage Bonds, due 1961

This Corporation is one of Canada's largest producers of newsprint and pulp and paper products. Its basic business and financial strength merit investment consideration.

Net Earnings in 1942 available for bond interest and depreciation were $7,732,000, compared with present bond interest requirements of $2,540,000. Net earnings for the last five years averaged $6,825,000.

Working Capital increased from $2,309,000 to $18,605,000 during this five-year period — an improvement of $16,296,000.

Price: At the market, yielding about 6.75%

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

A National Duty—

AN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY

There is no type of investment available in this country which, from the standpoint of security of principal, attractive interest yield and ready marketability, can compare with **DOMINION OF CANADA BONDS**

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DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

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We shall be pleased to send to you upon request a Record of Investments booklet which provides space for recording your holdings of bonds, stocks, mortgages, insurance policies and War Savings Certificates.

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CARRY MONEY SAFELY

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TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENTS AND MOST BANKS

ABOUT INSURANCE

Why Marine Insurance Rates Are Lowest

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Insurance functions best—that is, provides the broadest coverage at the lowest cost—when it is left as free as possible from hampering government interference and needless rgulations.

This is demonstrated in the case of marine insurance, the oldest form of insurance, and also the one least trammeled in its world-wide business of protecting and facilitating foreign trade, the importance of which to exporting countries is now more widely recognized than ever.

MARINE insurance is not only the oldest form of insurance, but it is also the most free from government interference and control. It owes its origin to the dangers of foreign trade, the risks of which were too great for any exporter or merchant to assume. From the beginning, rulers of most countries recognized the importance of foreign trade and were intelligent enough to realize that it should be encouraged and not hampered. As marine inusrance tended materially to facilitate and increase such trade, it also was left untrammeled. Merchants and their insurers knew clearly what their rights and obligations were under mercantile custom and the ancient law of the sea, and governed themselves accordingly.

While the ancient law of the sea was known to the Italians of the Middle Ages, the development of this medieval law into modern codes is well illustrated by the British Marine Insurance Act of 1906. It would be well if it were more widely understood by our law-makers and the public that these commercial codes of early and modern times were not laws imposed on commerce but rather the codification of mercantile custom in accordance with the technical development of legal principle.

What an essential part marine insurance has taken in the growth of the trade of maritime nations is demonstrated in the case of the British Empire. Its development of a world-wide trade was accompanied and promoted by a corresponding development of marine insurance. It has been aptly said that banking, shipping and insurance form the tripod upon which British commerce stands. So strong is the position of British insurance that under all the handicaps of war, including the danger of invasion, the business has continued to increase.

Freedom of Action

It should not be overlooked that this extension of British insurance throughout the world has been accomplished with freedom from hampering government control, as British insurance companies have only that degree of supervision which any other business is subject to. Under the government policy of "freedom and publicity," while their financial soundness is required, they possess complete freedom to insure at rates and forms of their own making. As is well known, a healthy international competition developed under these conditions has given the buyer of marine insurance the broadest forms of coverage and the lowest rates.

Marine insurance has also assisted materially in developing the foreign trade of the United States, as pointed out recently in an address by Mr. Henry H. Reed, of the Insurance Company of North America, though the development of the Western States and of American industry has somewhat overshadowed the big part that foreign trade has played in building the country. As he said, foreign trade brought the capital to build the textile mills, while Eastern money originally earned in overseas trade financed the railroads and factories. Further, enormous sums were loaned and invested in the United States, principally by the British and the Dutch, which loans were repaid by United States exports.

During the first half of the last century, United States foreign trade and shipping reached its zenith, and marine insurance developed correspondingly, most of the ships and cargoes being insured in United States companies, mostly local companies at the seaports. But, following the Civil War and the arrival of the age of steam, the United States merchant marine was gradually driven from the seas, as it was impossible for it to compete with foreign ships on the basis of cost.

To fill a growing demand for glass eyes due to war injuries, in England, girls are being trained to make artificial eyes in a special class, which was recently started in Manchester. The task of blending colors and blowing glass is a highly skilled one. The problem of finding the best kind of glass has now been solved. This girl pupil is seen blowing glass eyes over a heater.

Shipbuilding Increases

When World War I broke out, the amount of United States shipping was trifling and was largely insured in the London market. But the war not only stimulated foreign trade but caused the building of a large United States mercantile marine, while the development of the oil business also necessitated the building of a large tanker fleet. To serve this growing industry, the American Mutual Marine Insurance Syndicates were formed at the behest of the United States Congress. They grew, and at the outbreak of World War II these Syndicates, as pointed out by Mr. Reed, were insuring between 40 and 50 per cent of American ocean-going hulls.

While the first World War created a substantial increase in the United States marine insurance market, the lack of a comprehensive policy soon resulted in a deterioration of the American merchant fleet. Many of the ships were laid up because they could not compete with foreign ships built at a much lower cost and manned by crews at a much lower wage scale.

In 1937 most of the ships were 17 or 18 years old, and thus had a life expectancy of only about 7 years. In that year the situation was met by Congress and the Administration by the creation of the United States Maritime Commission. Ships were designed, built and sold to operators on a basis whereby the government, or, in other words, the taxpayers, assumed the difference between United States and foreign shipbuilding costs. Many owners were also given subsidies representing the difference between United States and foreign operating costs.

War Risk on Hulls

This development was interrupted by the outbreak of war in 1939. The American Marine Insurance Syndicates wrote the greater part of the war risk insurance on United States hulls from the beginning of the war until the assumption of these risks by the United States War Shipping Administration. Until Pearl Harbor and one month thereafter, when the submarines struck, the war risk insurance was profitable. At that time the War Shipping Administration was not legally prepared to properly assume the risk, and the Syndicates were offered and accepted practically the entire risk of the American merchant marine.

Not only did the marine underwriters not anticipate the force of the

NO NEED TO WORRY

Changing Staffs and Inadequate Supervision

... mean you should protect your firm through Norwich Union Fidelity Bonds

It has become almost impossible to secure experienced book-keepers, accountants and clerks. On top of that, senior company officers, burdened with added duties, are finding it more and more difficult to supervise as closely as they would wish accounting and book-keeping records. This situation has developed at a time when higher taxation and increased living costs have left a very narrow living margin for the average worker.

The wise executive, alert to the changing times, will see to it that his company is safeguarded against loss by theft or fraud by placing adequate fidelity bonds upon all employees who occupy positions of trust or who handle cash, securities or merchandise. Any Norwich Union agent will be glad to advise you regarding Norwich Union Fidelity Bonds.

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E. M. Whitley, General Manager for Canada

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MONARCH LIFE
Assurance Company
A PROGRESSIVE CANADIAN COMPANY

if YOU HOLD A NORTHWESTERN POLICY...

. . . your property is secured by the highest possible protection at the lowest cost consistent with absolute safety.

Applications for Agencies Invited

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MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION
EASTERN CANADIAN DEPARTMENT
Imperial Bldg., Hamilton, Ontario
WESTERN CANADIAN DEPARTMENT
Randall Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

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Mutual Insurance Company
—ORGANIZED IN 1896—
Admitted Assets - $3,819,972.11
Surplus - - - - - - 2,014,637.07
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Head Office: WAWANESA, Man.
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W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

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NON-CANCELLABLE *Health and Accident with Hospital and Surgical or Nurse*
PARTICIPATING... *Life Insurance of all forms*
SPECIAL........ *Newly-Designed Cover-All Policy. Sickness, Accident, Old Age and Natural Death in one Packet*

OVER $2.00 IN ASSETS FOR EACH $1.00 OF LIABILITIES

LOYAL PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE CO.
TORONTO, ONTARIO
WM. SKELTON, *Manager for Canada*

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CANADA'S OLDEST INSURANCE COMPANY
THE
HALIFAX
INSURANCE
COMPANY
Cash Capital—$2,000,000.00
HEAD OFFICE HALIFAX, N.S.
Supervisory Office—8 King St. W.—Toronto

submarine attack, but they overestimated the ability of the United States Navy to counter the blow. In March and April, 1942, the underwriters suffered many total losses. During this period the U.S. Congress passed the necessary amendments to enable the War Shipping Administration to undertake these risks. Although the marine underwriters quoted rates for these hull risks as they expired, the government agency quoted cheaper rates, and finally assumed the entire risk on United States ships.

Marine underwriters in the United States have good reason to be proud of their record in connection with the writing of war risk on cargo. Early in 1939, when war was in the air, they formed the American Cargo War Risk Insurance Exchange, and, when the war came, it was prepared and functioning. Rates went up, of course, but the imports and exports of the country were afforded protection. The Exchange has offered practically unlimited coverage at standard rates to merchants and manufacturers.

Through the War Shipping Administration, the U.S. Government has offered its war risk insurance facilities to private shippers at rates somewhat below the commercial market rates. In addition, the demands of price control led it to charge nominal rates on certain commodities essential to the economic life of the country. Thus U.S. imports are largely insured with the War Shipping Administration, or, in the case of some shipments for Government account, are not insured against war risk at all.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Will you kindly give me your opinion of the National Health Association of Vancouver, B.C. and of the insurance it furnishes under its certificates? Do you consider this insurance is safe and worth having?

—C.A.M., New Westminster, B.C.

As the National Health Association of Vancouver, B.C., operates on the assessment system and not on the legal reserve basis, we advise against joining it for insurance purposes. While the initial rates seem low enough, the members have no guarantee that these amounts are all they will have to pay, because under that section of the by-laws relating to the powers and duties of directors, it provided that should the fixed assessments made and payable under the by-laws be inadequate to meet the requirements of the association, the directors shall have power to make a special assessment on the members or any group of members not to exceed the sum of one dollar on each assessment. As there is no limit to the number of one dollar assessments that can be made by the directors the members have no way of knowing in advance what they are letting themselves in for when they join this concern. Besides, these assessment associations do not have to comply with the requirements as to government deposits, solvency, annual inspections, etc., which the legal reserve institutions must comply with, and therefore they do not furnish the same security for payment of claims.

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Editor, About Insurance:

For five years or more I have been a reader of SATURDAY NIGHT, and have turned with more than casual interest to your Insurance Page. And now I wonder if you would be kind enough to supply me with some information. I am 32 years of age, married, with one child, six months old. I am a teacher, with present salary of $1,800 per annum and reasonably good prospects of having it gradually increased to $2,700 or $2,800. All the insurance I have is a 25-pay life policy for $1,000, taken out in 1932. I have no savings, and neither my wife nor myself have any source of income in addition to my salary. I now feel that I must have more insurance or some scheme which will provide me with maximum protection at minimum cost. Can you advise me as the type of policy I should buy?

—W. H. E., Pakenham, Ont.

As the most urgent need for insurance in your case is to provide family protection, the kind of insurance policy I should advise is that which furnished the largest amount of permanent protection for the money, that is, the whole life or ordinary life policy. This type of policy can be bought for $18.27 per $1,000 at age 32 on the without profits plan and for $20.31 per $1,000 on the with profits plan with annual dividends. It would be advisable to maintain your present policy in force, and to add as much insurance on the whole life plan as you can afford to carry. As your salary increases, you can buy insurance to provide retirement income, but at present the insurance which provides the most family protection for the money is the kind which best meets the requirements.

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Editor, About Insurance:

Will you please give me the name of any licensed insurance company selling sick and accident policies in Canada containing a non-cancellable clause?

—R. A. D., Hamilton, Ont.

The Loyal Protective Life Insurance Company of Boston, Mass., with Canadian headquarters at 372 Bay Street, Toronto, is a company which sells accident and sickness policies containing a non-cancellable clause. This company is in a sound financial position, is regularly licensed to do business in Canada, has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively, and is safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable.

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E. D. GOODERHAM, President
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AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

The Mining Association of British Columbia has been making efforts to ease the burden of taxation on the mines and to encourage a greater amount of prospecting. However, announcement has been made that the Canadian government has declined to permit the mines to set aside a non-taxable reserve with which to be ready to carry on development just as soon as the war ends. Some of the mining companies had already set up such reserves, but these have now been advised that such reserves are taxable on the same basis as net operating profit.

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MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines produced $583,088 from 54,068 tons of ore in the second quarter of 1943. This compared with an output of $658,385 from 57,328 tons in the second quarter of 1942. This company has a large mill addition which it has not been permitted to operate because of government orders pertaining to consumption of material and supplies as well as employment of the necessary labor.

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Refined nickel produced from the mines of Canada during 1942 amounted to some 15,500,000 lbs. every thirty days. No statement is available as to what has been accomplished so far during 1943, although it is known that important additions were made to the reduction works at Sudbury and Coppercliff. The nickel produced from the mines of Sudbury in Northern Ontario makes up 95 per cent. of the combined nickel output of the United Nations.

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Copper refined in Canada during 1942 averaged over 45,000,000 lbs. every thirty days, and is believed to be at a substantially higher rate at present. This amounted to about 12½ per cent. of the combined copper output of the United Nations during the year.

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The mines of Canada produced 75 per cent. of the asbestos output of the United Nations during 1942.

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Mercury output of Canada during 1942 was 20 per cent. of that produced by all United Nations.

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Some 20 per cent. of the zinc produced by the United Nations during 1942 came from the mines of Canada, while lead production for the year amounted to over 15 per cent.

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Hallnor Mines experienced a very sharp reduction in gold output during the first six months of 1943, and with an even greater decline in profit. Output for the half year ended June 30th was $802,354 compared with the first half of 1942. The estimated net profit for the period was down to $300,316 compared with $493,230 in the corresponding period of 1942. Grade of ore declined approximately $3 per ton to $14.32.

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Sheep Creek Gold Mines produced $779,398 during the fiscal year ended May 31, compared with $996,549 during the preceding fiscal year.

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Sigma Mines produced $192,056 in gold from 26,126 tons of ore during July.

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Noranda Mines is realizing a net profit of more than fifty cents on every dollar of gross income. In the first half of 1943 the gross income was $11,036,272 while the net profit amounted to $5,664,500. While the mine is a very large producer of gold, yet the copper output is so great as to classify the enterprise first of all as a copper producer. While the straight gold producers have been compelled to steadily reduce operations because Ottawa restricts their activities at this time, yet Noranda is urged and assisted in its efforts to produce added quantities of copper. For these reasons, Noranda is at very close to the peak performance in its history.

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Plans for operation of Ontario Nickel Co. continue uncertain, although reorganization is proceeding and present stockholders are asked to surrender five old shares in exchange for one new share. It is reported that the new company may attempt to operate through more careful sorting of ore before shipment. On such a basis of operation the outlook for Ontario Nickel would not appear to be very impressive.

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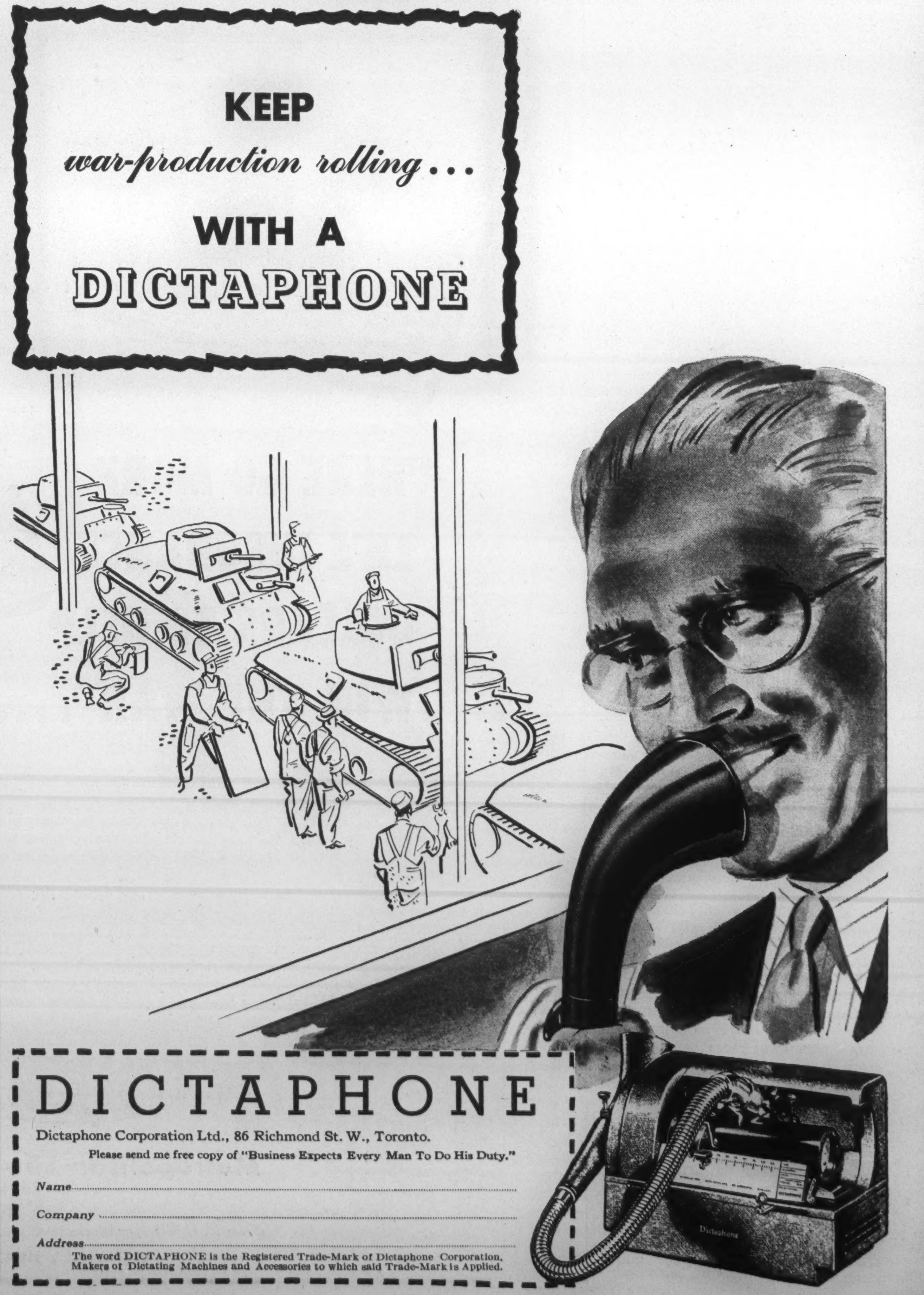

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

When The West Was Very Young

BY P. W. LUCE

A PAINTING of great historical interest, "The Builders", adorns the Vancouver city council chamber. Eight feet by six, it is considered one of the outstanding works of the late John Innes, whose brush preserved for posterity hundreds of striking scenes in the epic of the west, in the building of which he himself played a conspicuous part.

Three years of painstaking effort and research were required before the painting was completed in 1936, for John Innes had a passion for accuracy and detail second only to that of Major J. S. Matthews, Vancouver City Archivist, for whom the picture was produced, and who, with a few associates, now owns this masterpiece. Scores of photographs of men long since dead had to be carefully studied before the artist felt he could make a composite whole of the notable figures grouped in his composition in oils.

57 Years Ago

The painting represents the inaugural meeting of Vancouver's first city council, held on the tenth of May, 1886, fifty-seven years ago. The last survivor, L. A. Hamilton, died in 1941 three years after he had been made a Freeman of the great city which he had surveyed in its infancy and to most of whose streets he had given official names.

The meeting took place shortly after an election in which every man who felt so disposed could cast his ballot, there being as yet no official voters' list. The council chamber was the main room of Constable Jonathan Miller's small cottage, which was also the Court House on rare occasions. Carpetless, unadorned, its plain wooden walls begrimed with smoke from a cordwood stove, lighted by a coal-oil lamp with shade askew dangling from the low ceiling, it was a grim and cheerless place compared to the spacious and palatial quarters where the council now deliberates in a million-dollar city hall. The jail cells opened into this room.

When the first meeting was called to order, there was not a cent in the treasury. Today the annual revenue is around $15,000,000 and the total civic assets are over $100,000,000. The assessment on private property is more than $350,000,000.

Operating and maintenance expenses in 1886 were only a few hundred dollars; in 1943 they may top $10,000,000.

The handful of students of fifty-seven years ago has become a mighty army of nearly 37,000, and where one small school served young Vancouver's needs 66 are now in use, with 1120 teachers in steady employment.

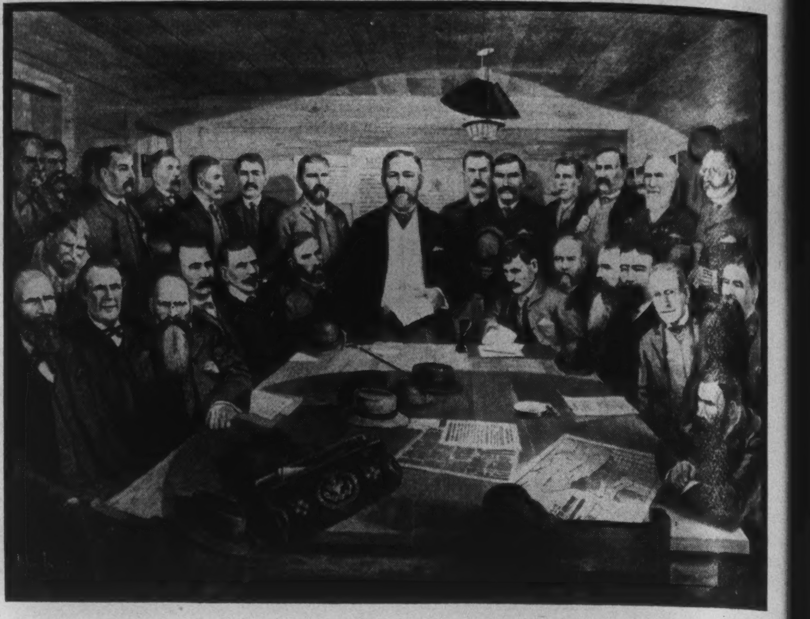
One Man Police Force

The police force of that day was one constable: Jonathan Miller, afterwards postmaster of Vancouver for 35 years, and the only man whose name appears in the city charter. His salary was modest, compared with the 1943 scale. It takes $1,199,000 a year now to police the city and administer justice.

Although this painting of the builders of Vancouver suggests men well advanced in years, actually they were nearly all young or, at most, middle-aged. Those were the days of full beards and mustaches; there is not a clean-shaven face in the group of twenty-seven!

The carpet bag on the table was the forerunner of the attache case; in 1886 it was already almost a museum piece.

Mayor MacLean with his aldermen served without remuneration, a practice which obtained for many years.



—Courtesy Vancouver City Archives.

First Meeting of the Vancouver City Council, May 10, 1886. Standing at head of table: Malcolm Alexander MacLean, first mayor of Vancouver.

Back row, left: Three unidentified spectators; John Leask, later city auditor; Joseph Mannion, of Granville; John B. Henderson, one of the first three school trustees; J. H. Carlisle, volunteer fire chief; Magistrate John Boultbee.

Under lamp: W. H. Gallagher, the mayor's campaign manager; Coroner Dr. W. J. McGuigan; Poll Clerk C. Gardner Johnson, smoking a pipe. Granville Nightwatchman John W. Stewart, Constable Jonathan Miller; Dr. Bell-Irving, member of a distinguished Vancouver family.

Seated, left to right: Ald. J. R. Northcott, Joseph Griffith, Joseph Humphries, Thomas Dunn, Lauchlan A. Hamilton, and City Treasurer George F. Baldwin.

At mayor's left: City Clerk Thomas F. McGuigan; City Solicitor J. J. Blake; Ald. E. P. Hamilton, C. A. Coldwell, Harry Hemlow, Robert Balfour, and Peter Cordinor. →

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